CHAPTER XIX

CARMEL V

Our purchase of "Sea Girt" coincided with Charlotte's life threatening illness which, together with obstacles occuring in her New York situation as Chairman of the Paderewski Fund For Polish Relief, prompted her to join me on the west coast. The nephew of Lina Franz at Ventura Hospital had given me an introduction to the chief of American Proctologists, and in 1949, Dr. Scarborough performed a successful colostomy in San Francisco. I think the beauty and challenge of her new home gave my mother the strength she needed for her final decade--a decade during which she completed her last two books--a biography of Paderewski for young people, published by Viking Press--and PRELUDE, a long poem relating the episodes of the journey of her Swiss forebears from the Canton of Glarus to Nebraska and California.

So, in October of 1952, Charlotte wrote Deane Keller at Yale:

> "It's last spring's hill-sliding, gulf-cutting storms that ate up the months--the trying to save this lovely piece of coast, less than an acre, but difficult terrain. A slow battle, expensive in time, energy, cash; but at long last we are coming clear.
>
> Fortunately, Jean lives in her studio, close below the house; but even so, she has had to give time to what it takes...to even partly keep up a small property. She loves to work out-of-doors, has various small plots of local succulents, gay, hardy perlargoniums, many herbs, dear to gophers, which she uses in superior omelets. Come on out and try one--all of you--the boys would love the beach. It's this thrilling outdoors that relieves the indoors, where she works too hard, I think, but happily. She will tell you about her main present absorption, her plan to illustrate with a group of etchings, Robinson Jeffers' poem, THE LOVING

SHEPHERDESS... She won the Phelan national Award for an etching submitted in '51. An eminent Frenchman who looked at a few etchings here the other day, some figure drawings, and a largish charcoal drawing of a dead cormorant on the beach (suggesting not death but continued flight) called it "etonnant" and urged her to let him arrange a Paris show soon! I tell you these encouraging comments because she wouldn't--although she would tell you how often she thanks you for your unrelenting insistence on the basic importance of good, ever better drawing. I can think of nothing finer, more rewarding, than the painting of a good portrait. Best success.

Charlotte

Gibson Beach provided a buffer between "Sea Girt" and Point Lobos State park to the north. The Park's southern boundary had been drawn at Gibson Creek--a small stream descending into the ocean from a gully in cliffs walling the east side of the beach. Because the stream, obeying dictates of weather, wandered back and forth across the beach, the boundary was not fixed.

Duncan McDuffie, a Berkeley real estate developer, had married Jean Howard Schoonmaker; and the two had agreed to act as my Godparents. Both McDuffies were ardent mountaineers and early members of the Sierra Club. Duncan was President of California's Save the Redwoods League and often advised the State Park Commission on acquisitions. In 1950, he suggested that we donate the cliffs bordering the beach to the Park, thus settling the boundary for good. In 1964, before leaving the Highlands for Carmel Valley, my husband, James Dickie, and I carried out his wishes, keeping for the property a permanent right to a narrow path leading down from the studio to the beach.

The McDuffies, with their efforts toward conservation added to those of my father, had a strong influence on my life. And when I was not well and visiting Dr. Arthur Bloomfield at

Stanford Hospital in San Francisco, (a most enlightened man) and Charlotte needed respite from my insistent and enervating presence, my godparents would take me in as house guest for a few weeks at a time, and put at my disposal their unusual library of chronicles of Himalayan exploration including the record of the first important assault on Everest by Mallory and Irvine which ended in tradegy.

The McDuffie home at 22 Roble Road in Berkeley was an Italian style villa in a magnificent garden which included stands of Himalayan rhododendrons. My Godmother, a tall beauty, expected me to come to a dinner table set with candles and silver with my hands and fingernails cleansed of any paint and charcoal that might have still adhered to them. The garden was managed by an Italian family imported from Italy for that purpose. For Georgio and Maria and their children Duncan and Jean had built a comfortable cottage on the lower slope of the estate which had a fine view across the bay to San Francisco. Once a year invitations were sent out to a garden party and Italian feast presided over by the gardener's family. Their employers were the guests of honor, and there was considerable competition among visitors and friends for a bid to sit at one of the long tables under the grape arbor.

These are the words written by Duncan McDuffie of the finest of the Redwood forests of California:

To enter a primeval grove of giant Redwoods is to step within the portals of a cathedral, dim, lofty, pillared, peaceful.

But this temple which the Great Architect has been

building for a score of centuries is incomparably nobler, more beautiful and more serene than any erected by the hands of man.

Its nave is loftier than that of Amiens and longer than that of St. Peter's. Its wine-red shafts, rising clean and straight over two-hundred feet, are more numerous than the pillars of Cordova; its floor is carpeted with a green and brown mosaic more intricate than that of St. Mark's; its aisles are lit with a transclucence more beautiful than that which filters through the stained glass of Chartres; its spires pierce higher than those of Cologne; its years are greater than those of the first lowly building devoted to Christian service.

To destroy this nobliest of places of worship would be more irreparable than was the destruction of the Cathedral of Rheims.

CHAPTER XX

CARMEL VI

Meanwhile, Paul Dougherty, ignoring symptoms of advancing arthritis, hoped to add etching to the achievements of a long career. He asked his friend, Armin Hansen, to look about for a suitable press. Born in San Francisco of a Danish father and American mother, Armin had spent years fishing with the Belgians in the North Sea; then settled on the Monterey Peninsula where he fished for awhile before settling down to an artistic career of thirty or forty years painting the men of the sea. Hansen secured a press in San Francisco. With its large diameter steel roller, heavy steel bed and star wheel, set up in Dougherty's studio, it attracted my immediate attention. Soon Dougherty realized that he could not control the etching needle--let alone pull prints--so one day he said to me: "Look, you have learned what a line is, now go home and make a scratch. Have you ever been in the high mountains and examined the polished slabs of rock left behind by a retreating glacier? You probably noticed scratch marks on the rock's polished surfaces that were made by any harder minerals carried along on the under surface of the moving glacier. The steel drypoint needle will make just such scratches on your polished copper plate, and when these are filled with ink and printed under pressure on fine damp paper, you will be provided with an impression of your original design."

I began teaching myself to etch by corresponding regularly with various commercial suppliers of etching materials.

Scattered across the country, these firms kept competent technical advisors on their staffs who were never too busy to write me long letters of advice to accompany my orders for inks, oils or acids.

However, it was the sudden appearance in Carmel of a major European art critic and collector that determined my future as graphic artist.

Bruno Adriani was born in Westphalia, Germany, and during the twenties headed the Department of Modern Art and Literature in the Ministry of Art and Education of the Weimar Government in Berlin. Sensing German's impending tragedy, Dr. Adriani resigned from the Government in 1930 and with his American-born wife, Sadie, moved to Geneva, Switzerland. Seven years later, the Adrianis came to California, bringing with them their collection of paintings, sculpture and graphics. It was a kindly destiny that arranged my chance encounter with the Adrianis on Carmel's main street--an encounter that resulted in my being asked to call at the chalk rock house that served as both home and museum on Carmel Point. Two monumental sculptures stood near the main entrance: a grey stone hippopotamus by the American sculptress Pegot Waring dominated the left side, a bronze eagle by the German, Philip Harth, rested closer to the grass on the right.

The massive front door was kept locked except in summer when it stood open for air, the owners secured an outer screen by a latch on the inside. I knocked on the wooden frame of the screen and, full of curiosity, peered inside the shadowy interior. Soon, I heard a rapid step and a "wait-a-minute" pronounced with

a decided German accent, the latch was lifted, and my host, a medium sized, stocky person in a grey vested suit decorated by a gold watch chain, admitted me into the rectangular hallway.

On one side the hall opened into a darkened living room; opposite access to the dining room where the pearly tones of a Monet[15] landscape were visible above the blonde parquetry of the sideboard which, in turn, was flanked by bronze figure pieces by the German impressionist, George Kolbe.[16]

Walking straight ahead, Dr. Adriani led me to his low-ceilinged study. Lit by windows on two sides, the room was designed to function as an art reference library, as well as to provide display space for a collection of graphics. (Large paintings hung elsewhere in the house.) Bookshelves covered one wall from floor to ceiling; on two others, the cases were limited vertically by an eye-level shelf supporting pre-Columbian jade and onyx sculptures. Various etchings dating from Rembrandt's time to our own, were ranged along the walls above the sculptures.

We walked to one end of the room where a large leather topped desk was piled with manuscripts and portfolios. Here Adriani sat down and taking a small magnifying glass from his pocket invited me to examine the lines of a Modigliani[17] etching. Then he suggested I might like to look around the room by myself, and bent his rounded, bespectacled head to reread some pencilled notes.

Only the Duncan Phillips Collection in Washington D.C. had offered me the luxury of viewing a great art collection in the

home of its owners. For a few minutes I simply stood in the center of the room, savouring the excitement of being in the private study of a collector.

I decided to inspect a large Goya aquatint[18] hung near the study entrance. The subject--four bulls circling after each other in the air. Adriani noticed that I was both fascinated and puzzled by this vision. He got up and came to stand beside me. "This etching," he said, "is a good example of the imagination of the artist which, in its formative and inventive power, is essentially different from that of other people. A strong visual experience (bulls are a common sight in Madrid's Plaza de Toros) becomes the germ of Goya's plastic idea. He acquired the faculty of seeing the object with his inner eye. For instance, the animal in this case, in all possible positions and in all directions of movement. The object lives in the artist's imagination. The emotion you feel when looking at this print is due to the power of Goya's imagination, and his ability to sympathize with the movement of existence."

We moved back to the desk; from it he picked up a small Olmec sculpture of a Jaguar god. Adriani admired the French philosopher, Henri Bergson, who theorized that there was a strong bond between primitive and modern art, and that it was possible to view Greek and Roman sculpture and even Renaissance art as only a time bridge between the two.

"This work," he told me, "was created about a thousand years before Christ." It is not "primitive," but part of a long-lasting evolution of artistic creation. There is an organic

harmony between the style and the spiritual meaning. You can feel the wildness and cruelty of the animal, but also its supernatural power and dignity.

"This piece is a symbolic 'sign.' We moderns have lost the reverence for cosmic forces. Compared to the Indians of Vera Cruz the modern artist lives in a spiritual vacuum--an isolated explorer of the unknown. For this reason, this sculpture is superior to a Brancusi."[19]

In Paris, in 1930, I had had the opportunity to visit the painter, Andre' Derain. Leader of the Fauves,[20] and friend of Picasso, Derain's work and that of his contemporaries evinced a new respect for the so-called "primitive" in art. My appointment had been made by Le Nouvel Essor a small gallery on the Left Bank, gathering place for avant-garde artists.

Addressing my host in fluent French, I announced that I had come all the way from California to learn the secrets of painting! Thereupon the painter dropped his head and seemed unwilling or unable to say anything. "Monsiur Derain," I pleaded, "what accounts for the fascination of your landscape drawings?" At that the artist slowly raised his head while a brief spark lightened his expression as though he had seen me for the first time. "The object is a sign in space;" he answered, "it needs solitude. The earth has a primitive quality, elementary like a crystal. Then pointing to an old hat hanging on a rack near the studio entrance--"That is cubism--don't worry about it."

"You mean that you don't think I must go through the cubist discipline in order to paint well?" "Certainly not. Go back to California and find yourself."

There followed a silence during which I went over to a table where the skull of a lion was displayed. "Has this lion skull some special meaning for you?"

Derain rose from his chair and went over to pick up the skull. "It is an analogy for the forms of the universe--an example of logical order and the unity required by a living organism. Symmetry and asymmetry contribute to its beauty."

Sadie Adriani retained a trace of her American southern accent even as she addressed her husband by his German pet-name--"Brunekin." Sweet-tempered, she was the perfect counter-part to her often choleric husband. He was proud of her, explaining to me that she had selected and purchased many of his finest items. "She is a good photographer, and has used her talent to catalogue our collection. I think you would be surprised to see her pencil drawings. I must show you her portraits of our neighbor, the poet Robinson Jeffers. They are really excellent." I saw that they were, and Sadie and I got on well from that day forward.

Other visits followed; Bruno, as I came to call him, encouraged me to bring him my etchings for criticism. He had an uncanny ability to grasp an artist's intention even when it was not completely realized. He decided that I was seeking the "line of movement," and brought out those examples from his collection that best illustrated this style of drawing. He educated me in

freedom of line by showing me prints from the late periods of Rembrandt, Manet[21] and Picasso and certain lithographs by Daumier.[22] I was especially impressed by the etchings of Lovis Corinth, a German modern. Corinth, who is probably best known for his paintings, was a master of the drypoint. After seeing his prints, I decided to work more with the drypoint--a tool that I already preferred to other etching needles because of the effects of light and shade it could produce in a line. It is the only graphic tool I know that can in any way approximate the Japanese Fude No Ikioi, that is: shading in the brushstroke itself when using sumi (ink).

Sometimes Bruno came to my studio to watch me print. He would stand close to the inking table and make occasional remarks in a low voice: "A little darker here--more tone there."

When my mother came west to live with me in Carmel, the Adrianis were quick to make friends. They remained faithful to Charlotte throughout her last illness, bringing gifts and sitting by her bed to amuse her with tales of their life in Europe. Even after mother could no longer reply they continued this custom.

In 1956, Sadie and Bruno Adriani named the California Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco recipient of their collection. Dominated by Nineteenth and Twentieth Century European masters, it is one of America's most distinguished private collections of graphic art.

Bruno--Adriani, himself, stated his goal in his book, Problems of the Sculptor:

"...an attempt to excite public interest... fighting against a mortal enemy of the artist, "indifference.."

CHAPTER XXI

BIG SUR

Anchored on that invisible frontier in the Carmel Highlands, it was inevitable that I should explore the Big Sur coast--especially that portion of it stretching from the Great Lighthouse south as far as Partington Canyon. There, on a steep ridge over-looking the highway, lived an unlikely group of neighbors including diplomat Nicholas Roosevelt, Theodore's cousin; anthropologist Maud Oakes, mosaicist Louisa Jenkins, iron-worker David Tollerton and the controversial author, Henry Miller. These persons gathered from distant places "to get away from it all" nevertheless kept a close watch upon their neighbor's doings!

Nick, with his wife Tirzah, had built a home right on the edge of the ridge where they raised prize roses on a series of terraces. From inside the house there were spectacular views up and down the coast and--on the walls--a water color by Victor Hugo and a George Washington letter among other treasures brought into this wild country. In spite of mind-expanding friendships on the Ridge it was Partington Cove on the oceanside far below that proved to be critical to my identity as an artist. There, a mountain stream bordered by alder and bay laurel crossed a curving beach protected on the north by a massive granite headland. At the south end of the cove a primitive timbered tunnel built by early pioneers pierced granitic rock to access a landing platform complete with hoist and winch perched high above a dangerous inlet where coastwise schooners and steamers anchored to dis-

charge provisions and load tanbark from back country forests.

I did not find Partington by myself. I was introduced to it by my friend Susan Porter who lived at Coastlands--a sparse settlement six miles north of the canyon. Susan suggested that I might like to do some painting there and selected a guide for my first visit. Mr. Field headed the Partington Properties Company--a co-operative group owning land in the region. The day we descended the steep dirt road from the highway to the bottom of the canyon I knew that I had found "my place." What Point Lobos had become to other more gifted artists--Partington would be for me--powerful and still savage--a touchstone of physical and spiritual reality. Later, I summoned courage to climb from the Landing to the outer cliffs and sat for hours facing the sea, feeling that I was on a planetary ship whose destiny was unknown.

Susan Porter was born in the Shenandoah Valley, West Virginia, of Irish ancestry. At fourteen she was introduced to the mighty gods and heroes of Ireland through the poetry of William Butler Yeats. "These myths were the strongest impact in my life," she said. "They took over and had to be retold." Like the ancient Druidic bards, Susan told her stories to all ages--at fireside gatherings and in schools, colleges and auditoriums. She recited from the Mythological Cycle the migrations to Ireland of prehistoric peoples and traced the Celtic dynasties until their overthrow by the Anglo-Normans under Henry 2nd in the twelfth century.

Her favorite stories came from The Ulster Cycle of the Knights of the Red Branch, which describes the feats of the hero

Cuhulainn at the court of his uncle Conchobar. This cycle greatly influenced the development of the Arthurian tradition in Wales, Brittany and England.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Porter brought her young daughter, Valentine, to Carmel and in 1929 they rode the mail stage to Big Sur. Some years after she built her home there, I became her friend and she introduced me to her chosen landscape and to the people who lived there. Inside her redwood house thick planks supported a library of English and Irish literature, history, poetry and drama. So, when the great French painter, Fernand Leger--a Norman himself--visited Carmel in 1941 and asked me if I could show him the Big Sur coast, I arranged to take him for tea with Susan Porter.

The front door at Coastlands was wide open when we arrived and through it came a tall angular woman whose brows were lifted arcs, and whose large brown eyes seemed to select a distant point of sight even as she welcomed us. Her voice struck the hearer by its deep resonant quality, echoed in a low warm laugh. Susan was accustomed to receiving foreign visitors and soon put Leger at ease with her relaxed, gracious manner.

After tea, a conversation began between the two to which I added an occasional translation.

"I can see, Madame Porter, why the Irish heroes appeal to your imagination--they have a monumental quality that fits the vast scale here--a scale more literary than pictorial. Or, I suppose, one might say you chose the place to fit the heroes!"

Susan laughed her deep laugh and made no response.

"I am interested in the monumentality of the human body and in the space in which it exists," Leger went on. "In my paintings I create a shallow space within which I manipulate plastic elements to achieve a sense of depth. The human body, of all objects, is most resistant to distortion because of its meaning. I like to contrast it with abstract elements to emphasize its plasticity."

"How do you see the 'abstract' in art?" Susan asked. "Is it not some form of mental seduction that cuts itself off from reality--from the earth with its power of renewal?"

"It is a kind of formal logic that detaches itself from the explicit level in favor of the general and universal," Leger observed. "Sometimes abstraction moves too far toward the decorative. Then one needs to return to the real. I seek a new realism. Your heroes are real; they act in the space of their time. However, they are conditioned by their beliefs--their concepts of Time--Fate--Change."

"The ancient heroes had a certain detachment," Susan replied. "Even in the midst of battle they adhered to some higher order of things--transpersonal."

"Bon, I understand." And Leger went on, "The proletarian society of today could live in a state of complete harmony within a technological world--a new aristocracy--don't you think?"

A moment's thought--then Susan answered, "Well, I suppose so--if individuals are willing to take risks--I mean, risks for a moral purpose."

"Il faut toujours etre en danger."[23]

I lifted the boiling kettle from the stove, poured fresh tea and refilled the pot. Leger helped himself to cheese and biscuits from the kitchen counter.

"Try one of my home-baked ginger cookies, Monsieur. Look at the colors of the sea. Look how they have changed since we have been talking here. Even our faces have changed with the light!"

"Madame, you have a painter's eye!"

Rays from the afternoon sun tinted Leger's features with a ruddy light. Black hair, parted in the middle and a brief moustache barely disturbed the blunt oval of the artist's head. Strongly built, Leger was conservatively dressed, and had a straightforward manner in keeping with the geometrical purity of his work.

"There appear to be two kinds of time," Mrs. Porter resumed. One to set your watch by, and another--a warp in space that comes about in an eternal spiral."

"The spiral is a universal symbol," Leger replied. "Early man scratched it on rocks. It represents growth in nature: shells, the arrangement of leaves, the human skeleton and the movement of life in time and space. The curves of the dynamic spiral wrap themselves around a pole toward an infinity that they never reach--the spiral continues forever."

After a slight pause, Susan turned toward Leger and confided, "You know, I never went to Ireland; I was afraid I might be disappointed in what I found there. I had formed a picture in my mind."

"Imagination is like a muscle--you can exercise it" the

painter said.

Then he conintued, "In painting I am not dealing with morals or stories. The movies and other modern inventions have made that unnecessary. I wish my heroes to be free, capable of emotional intensity, but relaxed and informal. For the sword of Cuhulainn I will substitute the spatial vibration of my composition!"

"Freedom could be a consequence of virtue. Perception eliminates choice. One acts--not reacts" Susan said.

Leger: "That is philosophical."

Susan: "Be you still, be you still, trembling heart;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days."[24]

A pause --

"There is great contrast in this landscape," Leger said, "each object seems to have its own characteristic quality."

Mrs. Porter replied by quoting from Robinson Jeffers' poem "Shine, Republic":

> "The quality of these trees, green height; of the sky,
> shining, water, a clear flow; of the rock, hardness
> And reticence: each is noble in its quality. The love of
> freedom has been the quality of Western man."

Leger rose and taking Susan's hand, said, "Je suis touche par votre aimable pensee; j'apprecie infiniment le plaisir de notre conversation de cette apres-midi.

Au revoir, chere Madame Porter."[25]

Together we walked across the brick patio to the car where we stood a few moments looking down the coast. As I drove off, the painter turned and waved his hand toward the lone figure standing on the tawny ridge above the lilac sea.

(The above paragraphs sketch but a portion of that afternoon's extraordinary conversation. Partly apocryphal, the ideas and expressions included here are correctly attributed to the speakers.)

A trail led down from Mrs. Porter's house through a wooded ravine and out toward coastal cliffs that overlooked a long narrow beach two hundred feet below. Standing at the head of the path, one sometimes heard the scream of a deer giving birth or the cry of the cougar among the ferns and tangle of wild lilac, bay laurel, sycamore and scrub oak. (Redwoods favor deeper canyons.) Ever since I had seen Arthur Putnam's bronzes of the American Panther at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington D.C., and had been introduced to the life of cats by Edward Weston, I had wanted to see and etch a mountain lion in Big Sur country. It was known that one had been seen on this particular beach--there were deer trails criss-crossing the cliffs. So, I packed my sketch materials and made my way down the almost perpendicular path to the beach where I set up my easel and camp stool.

I was busy sketching the surrounding scene when four or five young men suddenly appeared behind me. At first, after taking in my presence, they simply ran and jumped about in the water, but I soon sensed that mentally they were debating what to do about or with me. Some instinct warned me not to be self-conscious but to concentrate on what I was doing; and when one of the boys came up behind me and asked a few questions, I answered in a sincere manner. It was this young man who held off the others, even

carrying my gear when we all walked up the trail together.

Later, when I made my etching of a puma on Coastlands beach, I realized that it was my work that had saved me that day.

It is worth taking a moment to savour the spectacular drop of the Santa Lucias to the wild beaches below, inhabited by herds of sea lions and the "cliff-falling gulls." This was poet Robinson Jeffers' country, and Eric Barker's and Henry Miller's. Eric was making his living caretaking a few orchards on Coastlands Ridge a mile or so below Susan's house and so we were soon introduced. "You will find a platform of redwood cribbing," Eric told me. "Leave your car there and follow the trail below it down to my cabin." I could see the caretaker's cottage in a small clearing below and called down the path. Henry Miller said that the job that kept Eric was one a boy could hold down. "It keeps his pipe filled and gives him his cup of tea. There is no promotion in store for him. Just more verse, more idle rambling, more seashore, more mushrooms, more abalone, more rejection slips. Who could ask for a better life?"

The cabin door opened and a broad figure of medium height emerged. Barker was wearing a short-sleeved shirt exposing muscular arms well used to manual labor. His rounded skull was braced with wide cheekbones and from his prominent eyes--hazel brown and heavy-lidded--came a steady look. An enigmatic but kindly smile encouraged the visitor.

Inside the one-room board and batten shack, I looked around quickly taking in stove, cot, kitchen table and a few scattered chairs. The most conspicuous object in the place was an enormous

dictionary open on a low stand below the seaward-facing window at the west end of the room. Through the dusty square panes a shimmer of silver-blue showed between oak branches.

Eric was born in Surrey, England, and came to this country when he was sixteen years old. He worked at practically everything under the sun, including fifteen years as a signal towerman with the Northwestern Pacific Railroad in Marin County, California. In 1936 he married the dancer Madelynne Greene and settled in San Francisco. From there he worked his way downcoast to Big Sur.

He had been friend to the Welsh writer John Cowper Powys, who wrote:

> In the direction of actually resolving (in poetry) our human souls into the inmost spiritual being of the element with which we are at the moment concerned, Eric Barker, to my knowledge, has gone farther than any living poet.

And Robinson Jeffers:

> There is nothing artificial in it, no tricks no self-conscious vanity, but the natural man speaking beautifully.

Sitting in the cabin he told of the cat Caitlin's death at the hands of a coon, and spoke bitterly of neighboring ranchers who killed coyotes, then hung them at night from branches of the apple trees in his orchards.

He handed me a poem he had just written about the giant oil derricks that were rising from the sea off the California coast.

> I pick up a dead tern, black all over,
> The eyes burnt out with oil,
> The feathers glued stiff against the wing bones,
> The beautiful feathers that the sea winds divided.
> I think of the broken migrations,
> The winds empty over the capes of the north.

I think of the nestlings frozen in the tundra.

Where is Proteus?
Where is Poseidon?
Are they too, unable to rise?

Later, Eric visited my mother and myself at The Point, stopping by on his way to and from Big Sur and Monterey. He grew to respect Charlotte Kellogg as a fellow poet, and wrote the preface for her narrative poem, "Prelude." And much to my pride, he chose and dedicated to me the title poem for one of his books--A Ring of Willows.

By 1937, the last canyon on the Big Sur road was bridged, the primitive wagon road replaced by a narrow two-lane pavement. "Lady Bird" Johnson dedicated Highway One at Bixby Bridge. Later my old friend Nicholas Roosevelt joined forces with architect Nathaniel Owings, of Owings, Skidmore and Merrill, newly arrived in Big Sur, in an all-out effort to get that unique coastline zoned against encroaching development.

CHAPTER XXII

INTERIM

By 1952 the daily round at The Point had become exacting. Friction increased between my mother and myself until one of my outbursts prompted Charlotte to send me off to Piedmont to stay with her sister. My aunt took me in and arranged interviews with an Oakland psychiatrist. The man had all the wrong answers: "Get free of your mother" he advised. "Get a job and make your own living." I did not have a nervous breakdown. The rock deep in the waters of the soul had broken the surface--as the poet Jeffers once observed.

The psychiatrist met with a boating accident and was drowned in San Francisco Bay. And I went down to Ojai to consult Jiddu Krishnamurti. "First, let's look at yourself and see what the problems are," he said. "Then we can think about your mother." So I remained at home and averted a tragedy for both of us.

I had met Krishnamurti at Peter Pan Lodge in the Highlands where he and his editor and entourage were spending a two week summer vacation as guests of Mrs. Russell Matthias. New Yorkers and friends of the Clapps, the Matthiases had moved to San Francisco. Blanche was spiritually inclined and her businessman husband was intelligently sympathetic. They owned property in the Highlands not far from the Lodge and were close friends of the Robinson Jeffers. In Chicago as a young journalist critic, Blanche had met and encouraged Georgis O'Keeffe and the two carried on a lifelong correspondence. The day that Blanche

introduced me to Krishnamurti I knew that she had introduced a new dimension into my life. And later when I married James Dickie, her faithful and sensitive freiendship remained one of the mainstays of my life.

While I was ill and staying with my Aunt Regula, Dr. Adriani came to The Point to visit my mother. A large charcoal drawing of a dead cormorant on the beach was hanging above the living room mantlepiece (Weston influence again--"my dead bird period.") But in my drawing I had managed to convey passage to new life in the design of the breast feathers of the dead bird. Bruno wrote me a letter about it, and later when I saw my drawing shown in a San Francisco gallery next to a Matisse "Odalisque" I felt that my closeness to the profound naturalness of things set my work apart from the sophisticated Frenchman's. This particular drawing is in the collection of the San Francisco Museum of Art.

Edward Weston died on New Year's Day, 1958. For the second time I had lost a father figure. In the studio at Wildcat Hill the weathered fencepost I had brought him was still fixed above the French doors. I noticed the rusty square-headed nail protruding from the stake. "What a dramatic nail!" he had said.

CHAPTER XXIII

CARMEL VII

Weston's introduction to Merle Armitage was one of those events in my life that might be called luck -- or at least Beneficent Chance. At that time I really had no idea who Merle Armitage was. However, his personality had an immediate impact - physically powerful, mentally forceful, he approached the world directly without distortion or subterfuge. There was about him a refreshing air of freedom. I discovered later than Merle had been born and brought up on a farm in northern Iowa. There, on the plains, he had acquired the "respect for the vividness, the universality, and the optimism of the physical world." [26]

Questioning Edward, I learned that Armitage was a dynamic force in American life -- a pioneer spirit dveloping new patterns from the materials of his own day. As an impressario he had brought forward many of the greatest musicians and dancers of this century; artists like Paderewski, Stravinsky, George Gershwin, Chaliapin, Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, Martha Graham, Mary Garden, John Charles Thomas, and Diaghilev's Ballet Russe. He discovered Galli-Curci. "In promoting these artists, and in making the public aware of the special virtues of their performances, Armitage inadvertently became the innovator of what is now called testimonial advertising. And as a by-product of his promotion, he developed his philosophy of graphic design."[27]

When Edward suggested that Merle might like to visit my studio, I seized the opportunity to show him the place I had just

designed and built a mile or so south of Weston's own home on Wildcat Hill. Walking in, Armitage noticed a large tapa lying on the floor in front of a blank cellotex wall. I explained that the King of Samoa had given the bark hanging to my father in 1904. "I am wondering how best to display it." "Here, give it to me," Merle said, "bring me a ladder and I'll hang it for you!" After studying the wall, he determined the exact spacing necessary for maximum effect and in a few minutes the King's tapa had ennobled the room.

Merle then turned his attention to the etching press that I had obtained from the painter, Paul Dougherty. He picked up some prints from the bed of the press -- drypoints of a red-tailed hawk -- favorite bird of the poet Jeffers, and after paying me a few compliments on the work, he was ready to return to Wildcat Hill.

I was serious about my etching and had wanted one day to illustrate a Jeffers poem with a few plates. I was familiar with the Big Sur country having spent six months with my black and white cat "Skunky" in the Blackman cottage on a ridge just south of Coastlands.

Nineteen-forty-seven was an important one for Armitage. Mike (Gardner Cowles), President and Editor of Look Magazine, asked Merle if he would return to New York and take charge of redesigning the magazine's format. This at a time when the former impressario was trying to acquire a tract of land in California's High Desert where he hoped to build a permanent home. My life, too, was at a crossroads. I was busy outfitting

my new studio at The Point when Merle stopped by to see how I was getting on. Several years had passed since our first visit and a number of new prints were stacked near the press which stood before a window overlooking the garden and ocean beyond. This time he carfully examined all the prints -- then looking hard at me, he said: "Someday I should like to put a Jean Kellogg etching in one of my books.

During the next few months I thought a great deal about Merle's offer. Slowly an idea formed in my mind. I remembered illustrated editions published in France by the art dealer, Abroise Vollard. In my imagination Merle's simple offer suddenly took on larger dimensions. So when he next visited the Westons, I asked him to come to The Point to meet my mother. Afterwards we walked down an outside staircase to the studio. I was astonished at my own boldness -- "Merle," I said, "would you consider designing a special edition of a Jeffers poem and letting me illustrate it?" After a moment's thought and a silence of a minute or two -- "Very well, you choose the poem; I'll speak to Jeffers -- we'll start right away!"

The poem I chose -- "The Loving Shepherdess" -- is unique among the poet's romantic tragedies in that it retains a decidedly lyrical quality. In his foreword to Merle's edition, Jeffers states that he developed the story from a foot-note to one of Walter Scott's novels which "tells of a half insane girl who wandered up and down Scotland with a huddle of sheep. Her father the shepherd had died and she had taken over the flock. But they dwindled and perished, one by one; at last the girl

herself disappeared in the mist and was seen no more."

Influencing my choice was the fact that the protagonist journeys through a landscape as familiar to me as it was to the poet. Also, the frequent, intense dramatic climaxes typical of Jeffers' other epics are replaced here by a series of episodes strung along a journey at once real and symbolic. These last circumstances suited the limitations of my qualification for the job; on the other hand, the story appealed to my natural affinity for the poet's philosophy.

With The Shepherdess, Armitage arrived at the halfway mark of that portion of his career devoted to writing, designing and editing over one hundred books. A number of these he both wrote and designed; others he designed in conjunction with authors and artists for whom he contributed articles and forewords. The year that The Shepherdess appeared under the imprint of Random House also witnessed Merle's production of Brett Weston Photographs.[28] Through his radical innovations Armitage staged a frontal attack against the entire tradition of the formalities of graphic design: standardized formulas of type, margins, fonts, routine headings and title pages.

In a letter written well after our project was underway, Armitage clearly states his concept of book design.

324 East 48th Street
New York 17, New York

Jean: some points for your consideration ...

A book is a syllogism.

Robinson Jeffers' poem, plus Jean Kellog's etchings, equals a separate entity, a BOOK. This book has its own life, drawing heavily on the poem and the etchings, but nevertheless it must have its own style and dignity and sense of being.

This will be a different book than I have ever done. My approach to book design is that each book demands a consideration and a treatment based on what the book IS and what it is supposed to do.

In my concept, this book should be cool, classical in the sense that Greek temples are classical, for both the poem and the etchings have a timelessness about them.

In bringing this about, I must work with the simplest means ... paper, type and space relationships ... nothing else.

If you will look at my 86 books, you cannot say that they are obviously related, because they differ widely in concept and form. But they are related, and people of discernment can usually tell a Merle Armitage book. Why? Because they sense the fact that a certain style develops from the fact that I seek the <u>meaning</u> of the book as my guide.

I will never insist on doing anything in <u>our</u> book of which you cannot approve. But I will ask you to step aside for a moment, and if you can, forget your modesty, your admiration for Jeffers, and remember that the person who will want this book will not be concerned with those human qualities, but with how well we have preserved the integrity of Jeffers, of Kellogg and of the book as a BOOK.

Merle

After getting Jeffers' permission to reprint "The Loving Shepherdess" in a limited edition, Merle chose Ward Ritchie, a Los Angeles printer already associated with editions of Jeffers' work, to hand-set the book. Ward set all the Bembo types himself, taking almost two years to complete the job. I was allowed to suggest the size and shape of the volume, and took as my model

a nineteenth century edition of Vergil's Eclogues illustrated by the English etcher, Samuel Palmer. It proved impossible to find a hand-made paper that blended well with the French Rives I had ordered for the prints, so we decided to print the entire book on that precious paper.

I had indicated to Merle that I would use a gift from my New York patron, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, to defray the basic costs of the undertaking -- I was happily unaware of what Merle and Ward usually charged for their services -- consequently, it could be said that we all went ahead for the love of it.

Selecting nine episodes from the poem, I began by making preliminary studies using soft-ground etching as medium. This type of etching closely resembles crayon or pencil drawing, permitting a spontaneous approach to the subject. I recalled Weston's advice to use my friends as models and asked Cole Weston's wife, Dorothy, to pose for the Shepherdess. She had been a dancer with Martha Graham's company and had a fine sense of movement and balance. Our excursions along the Big Sur coast took us as far south as Partingron Ridge, to the home of retired diplomat Nicholas Roosevelt, who gave us his late mother's cloak to use as costume. His neighbor, the anthropologist Maud Oakes, opened the gates of her property so that we might climb a particular height that seemed to express the poetical landscape.

Under an old timbered bridge a young cowboy sat with us for the night scene while I used lamp and flashlight to illuminate the tableau. Dependence on reality was a handicap in my work. And there were failures in the drawing and biting of the final

plates. In spite of these adventures, the work slowly advanced.

From his desk at Look's editorial office, Merle began to show impatience. He and Ward complained that because I was shut away on Carmel's rocky coast, I had lost all sense of time. No doubt they were right, so it was a relief when, in the summer of '54, I could go to New York to find a master printer for my etchings. Charles White had printed the last proofs from Winslow Homer's plates and was well known in the city. The fine presses in his workshop were all superior to mine. White ground his own ink, prepared paper and did all the printing himself. He talked to me while he printed some large aquatints, and so in the course of a few visits I acquired the technical knowledge that was to prove invaluable when White became ill soon after he began printing my plates.

Merle was living with his wife, Isabelle, in an apartment on the East Side. Daughter of the French novelist, Lucie Heymann, Isabelle grew up in Paris and spent three years in the French Resistance during the War, for which she received the Croix de Guerre as Second Lieutenant of the Free Forces. She was an excellent photographer and played the guitar. Her favorite songs were American cowboy tunes she had learned in Paris.

When I was having supper with them one evening, Merle asked Isabelle if she thought she could leave New York and live with him on his California ranch. Gardner Cowles had reluctantly agreed to Armitage's departure from Look after the latter's six years service as art director of the magazine. Merle was anxious to return to Manzanita Ranch -- fifteen acres of rock-strewn

hills, pinon and Joshua trees at an elevation of nearly a mile, lying between the San Bernardino Mountains and the Mohave Desert. "There is a great poetry about Manzanita Ranch," he wrote, "a mystical quality of timelessness permeates everything. You look from a comfortable lounge in the pavilion at the formation of rocks just above and are reminded they had the same shape, texture and color long before Alexander marched, Christ was born, or Napoleon fought. And whether it is midday heat or a moonlit night, one is closer to the primeval, more in tune with the lasting values, than anywhere else on earth.

"And one senses that here, too, is a symbol of the purpose of Art and Design."

Fortunately for Isabelle, the rattlesnakes, a major cause of excitement for the workmen building the ranch house, had mostly disappeared from the area.

Later, Mr. White wrote me to Carmel that he had finished printing one hundred proofs from Plate 2 of my series. Then came grim news from Mrs. White that Charles had suffered a heart attack and was completely incapacitated. The Whites took care to return all my materials along with inks, paper, plate oils -- even press blankets -- from the New York workshop. They urged me to take courage and print the etchings myself.

When Merle learned of my predicament he volunteered to limit the book's edition to one hundred and fifteen copies -- a retreat from the three hundred we had originally planned. This meant that I must print over a thousand proofs plus a few extra hundred to allow for flaws or mistakes. Eighteen months work lay ahead.

That the job was completed was due to the assistance of my friend and neighbor, Mrs. Lucille Andrews, whose deft hands soon learned the art of laying sheets of damp paper over the inked plate lying face up on the bed of the press. To receive the impression the paper had to be placed exactly in the position required by the margins of the page; then blankets protecting the print from the heavy pressure of the steel roller were gently laid down without slipping the paper. Some one other than the printer should perform this task, since the letter's hands are covered with a facing of black oily ink. Mr. White used clips made from old playing cards to lift his paper and blankets, but the necessity of a large clean edition such as mine required an assistant.

When we began work on the "Shepherdess," Merle thought that we might open the way toward production of similar fine editions. The length of time involved -- in this case five and one half years -- plus the high cost of materials made it clear that such books did not really suit the American market where quick turnover and availability to masses of people are important objectives. However, since The Loving Shepherdess appeared in 1956, there has been new emphasis on fine printing for its own sake; a number of persons have told me that they reread the poem with fresh interest and appreciation simply because of its superior format.

When the prints were finally ready to ship to the Silverlake Bindery in Los Angeles where they would be tipped in to Ward's completed text, I felt an enormous relief. At the last minute

Merle told Ward and myself that he thought it would be a good idea to ask Random House if they would like to appear as the publisher of our enterprise! Since the economic collapse of Horace Liveright, the firm which had first published the poem in 1929, Jeffers had dealt with Random House. In return for their imprint, Bennett Cerf asked for twenty copies his firm could sell outside Armitage's subscription list. The book, therefore, was heavily subscribed before actual publication, with a number of copies reserved for museums and institutional libraries. A gift from my New York patron, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, enabled me to pay Ward his printing costs. Merle sent me a substantial bill for his services which he signed with a note, "Paid in Full." He said he only wanted me to know what he might have charged for the years he had given to the project -- a good example of his almost mystical dedication to the importance of the creative artist.

CHAPTER XXIV

INDIA

"To be supremely human is to have the full realization of Truth."

Jiddu Krishnamurti

It is a Sunday in July, 1955. The last of the year's eight weekend talkes at Ojai, California will take place outdoors at ten-thirty a.m. in an oven breezy one hundred degree heat. An audience of perhaps one thousand has come from as far away as South America, jamming the town's two hotels and the countryside's motels -- even taking up some borrowed cots in classrooms of a nearby school.

The talks are free and are held in the Oak Grove at Meiner's Oaks, two miles west of Ojai Village which, in turn, is fourteen miles east of Ventura on the coast. The name "Ojai" means nest and perfectly describes the small valley which is surrounded by beautiful mountains. By nine-thirty most of the audience is already settled on a shaded oval lawn -- those in front sitting on the grass while others further back recline in camp chairs they have brought along.

Promptly at ten-thirty, a thin intense looking man in his late fifties suddenly appears and stands quietly among the oaks. There is an audible flutter of loose paper and reaching for pencils. "Please do not take notes," the speaker begins. "We are here to listen and to enquire together. How can one be wholly attentive if one is busy taking notes?" Conversation stops, note paper is laid aside. Suddenly the natural sounds of

the glade have become unnaturally loud -- rustle of leaves, cries of jays and red-winged blackbirds.

The speaker is Jiddu Krishnamurti.[29]

In 1909, Mrs. Annie Besant, then international president of the Theosophical Society, had "discovered" the fourteen year old krishnamurti at her Adyar headquarters in Madras, Southern India. His father, Narayaniah, a high caste Brahman government clerk and Theosophist, had eleven other children. Sensing unusual qualities in the boy, Mrs. Besant decided to groom him up to become the future Teacher she hoped would unify the world's religions.

Mrs. Besant persuaded the father to give her the guardianship of Krishnamurti and, for company, a brother, Jiddu Nityananda. Nityananda, who later studied for the bar in England, died of tuberculosis in 1923 during the brothers' first visit to Ojai, California.

"Dr. Besant was our mother, she looked after us," Krishnamurti said after her death in 1933. "But one thing she did not do. She never said to me, 'Do this' or 'Don't do that'. She left me alone. In those words I have paid her the greatest tribute."[30]

While Krishnamurti attended private schools in England, France and Italy, Mrs. Besant had occupied herself with organizing a tremendous lecturing and publishing machinery in forty-seven countries, to be called the Order of the Star, with Krishnamurti as its Head. After much soul searching, Krishnamurti abolished the Order in 1929, having become convinced he could no longer assume the role of Messiah.

Nevertheless, he continued to travel. His itinerary included a few of the original sites chosen by Mrs. Besant: Ommen, Holland; Saanen, Switzerland; Bombay and Madras, India, and localities in Australia and Brazil. In all of these places he spoke to large audiences and he tried regularly to return to Ojai where he had a permanent following. He developed a special interest in education, associating himself with the Rishi Valley School in Chittoor District of Andhra, South India and with Rajghat College in Banares.

After my first meeting with Kirshnamurti in Carmel in the early forties, I made a point of attending the annual summer talks. In the audience I found friends from New York -- Tim and Maud Clapp and Emily Davie, for whose book, Profile of America, Charles Lindbergh wrote the preface. My presence at the talks gave me the opportunity to request personal interviews with Krishnamurti. These took place at Aryavihara, an old board and batten ranch house located on an elevated mesa at the eastern end of the valley. Set among groves of oranges and avocados, the house was usually occupied by "Raja" Rajagopal, Krishnamurti's editor-secretary, and his wife Rosalind. Krishnamurti had his own retreat just to the rear at the edge of the orange grove.

I had attended all eight July talks in 1955, and on the last Sunday I was to have an afternoon interview at Aryavihara. Krishnamurti answered my knock by opening the door himself. Casually dressed in slacks and open shirt, he held a half-consumed apple in one hand. He led me into a small study just off the dining room and we sat down on informal chairs facing

each other. I began by asking him to explain further the theme of his morning's talk at the Grove. I had not grasped his analysis of the ordinary thought process that we all take for granted and the qualitative difference between that and what he termed intelligence. Krishnaji reiterated that because thought is a product of time and memory, it is often mechanical and so cannot respond to the changing challenges of life. When thought perceives its own limitations, the mind becomes quiet and there is the possibility of intelligence which operates in a different dimension. For this to happen, there must be intense self-awareness which cannot be had by imitating the experience of another.

I looked at my friend: his face, tan complexioned; his black hair -- parted in the middle -- fell forward in curves to the outer extremities of the eyebrows seeming to concentrate a dark intense gaze. His nose was slightly aqualine and formed an axis downward to a full, well-chiseled mouth. Krishnamurti's expression was always extremely mobile, responding to the moment the way leaves respond to movement of air.

I began again: "Sometimes I am lonely, Krishnaji," I said, using the familiar name by which his friends addressed him. "I am a woman," he replied, assuming the role. "I am lonely; I have not faced being truly alone. To be aware of that solitary tree, alone in its beauty. Sorrow is the movement of loneliness. I can understand what you say. When my brother died, I was lonely. I stayed with the sorrow. Understanding came and now I am alone, which is quite a different thing. You practice your painting but

still there is a void that nothing can fill.

"Are you creating out of your fullness or out of your emptiness?" Krishnamurti asked, knowing perfectly well that I could not answer his question. I had never thought much about the need for a certain detachment from my efforts, always experiencing a dreadful frustration whenever I was thwarted in my desire to paint. That this could translate into a form of aggression such as using another person to fill the inner void was a pursuit still hidden from my conscious mind.

I remembered that the great French painter, Eugene Delacroix,[31] wrote in his journal that in spite of his life's achievements, he felt a disturbing sense of emptiness. And Michelangelo writing his last sonnets, faced all "the vain expense of days that disappear," and admitted: "Painting nor Sculpture now can lull to rest my soul that turns to His great love on high."[32]

"I am an artist in Life," Krishnamurti said.

While I was visiting Ojai, mother stayed in the Highlands, writing poetry and working on her biography of Paderewski. The gate house at The Point was standing empty and Rosalind Rajagopal and her husband "Raja" -- Krishnamurti's editor and secretary -- thought that it would make a good retreat from Ojai's summer heat. Rosalind made the arrangements with Charlotte by telephone. Members of Rosalind's family took turns visiting our cottage -- among them, her sister and brother-in-law, Erma and Louis Zalk. Louis was president of the Happy Valley Foundation which managed the Ojai properties left by Mrs. Besant at the time

of her death. After 1958, the Zalks extended the rental arrangement to a yearly basis.

Charlotte developed a special relationship with Louis -- "Louis the Lithuanian", she called him. He had come to America from that northern land to found the Zalk-Josephs Steel Company in Duluth, Minnesota. Mother knew a lot about Lithuania, for it was from there that Grand Duke Jagiello had travelled south to Poland in the fourteenth century to marry the young and saintly Queen Jadwiga -- subject of another of mother's biographies.

Sometimes Krishnamurti arrived to spend a few days. He liked to drive and surprised us once by arriving in a bright red sports car. He was interested in machinery and was a good mechanic. Merle Armitage always thought that there was a strange connection between aesthetics and mechanics. Krishnamurti probably enjoyed the feeling of freedom while driving -- time as movement.

A trained nutritionist, Rosalind cooked for her guests. She was a good swimmer, daily traversing the length of Gibson beach. Handsome and efficient she had the determined spirit characteristic of gifted teachers. The Happy Valley School and College in Ojai are her creations

While visiting Carmel, Krishnamurti made contacts with several of its most interesting residents. These included the photographer, Edward Weston, poet Robinson Jeffers and the Bavarian painter, William Ritschel. Ritschel painted a small portrait of Krishnaji which he kept hanging on the south wall of the big stone studio. It was evident that Krishnamurti felt a

special affinity for Jeffers, a poet whose work deals with problems of the human mind from a contemporary psychological point of view -- the problems themselves having remained constant throughout man's history.

Once, when visiting "The Point", Krishnamurti looked over Vernon's books on Evolution. With a limited interest in books, the Indian was nonetheless interested in Evolution as a subject for discussion and wanted to know what I thought of the Theory. My answer must have been influenced by Thomas Henry Huxley's essay, Evolution and Ethics. Huxley and his grandson, Aldous, were students of Indian philosophy, a fact I was unaware of at the time, although I knew that father had had a special admiration for the elder Huxley. "The theory of evolution," Huxley wrote, "encourages no millenial anticipations. If, for millions of years, our globe has taken the upward road, yet, some time, the summit will be reached and the downroad route will be commenced. The most daring imagination will hardly venture the suggestion that the power and the intelligence of man can ever arrest the procession of the great year."

Those summer visits were happy ones -- Radha and Jim Sloss, Rosalind's daughter and son-in-law, brought their children to swim and play on the beach. Robbie and Tinka romped in the sand and ran after kirshnamurti who seemed to enjoy the family outings. Only "Raja", Rosalind's husband, seldom came. He stayed in Ojai editing Krishnamurti's talks for "Krishnamurti Writings", a corporation with offices in Ojai and Madras, India. I was struck by Raja's comment: "Religion is very deep psychology."

There was something reserved about this Americanized East Indian, but he went with us to beach picnics, deftly managing his paper plate and afterwards helping to clean pots and pans.

Years later, the cohesion between Rosalind, "Raja", and Krishnamurti strained apart, Krishnamurti, while still retaining his connections with Ojai, moved his permanent headquarters to Brockwood, England.

In 1956, I decided to visit India -- a personal reward for having completed my artistic commitment to Merle Armitage's special edition of The Loving Shepherdess. Ever since my studies at the Smithsonian's Freer Gallery of Oriental Art in Washington, D.C., I had wanted to go to China, but in this pre-Nixon year, United States citizens were not allowed beyond Hong Kong. My encounter with Krishnamurti had led me to study something of the remarkable history of his country. Charlotte, apprehensive about my journey, gave in to the encouragement of a Highlands neighbor, Mrs. Rumsey Campell, and on November 17th I boarded the Pan American Clipper "Great Republic" in San Francisco en route to Honolulu. Under the command of Captain B. Lien, we arrived there safely about six hours later. I remember being extremely fatigued, and was glad to be welcomed at the airport by the Jean Charlots, Edward Weston's friends. The distinguished mural painter and his wife, Zomah, took me in and during my two weeks stay in town, I was allowed to assist in Jean's mural work at the Kaiser Hotel on Waikiki. I also attended Jean's lectures at the University.

In the Philippines I was entertained at a local village

feast outside Manila by relatives of the serving staff of the Highlands' Peter Pan Lodge. There were speeches and then questions about life in California. And I remember my excitement when I first looked out on the South China Sea.

I will not relate the mistakes and vicissitudes that dogged the first stages of my journey, leading to my being robbed in Hong Kong and then landing in a Bangkok hospital with a severe fever. All this was forgotten when -- on a night of the full moon -- on a much smaller plane bound for Calcutta, I looked down on the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers. A thousand streaks of silver slid by below carrying waters from the Himalayas into Kipling's Bay of Bengal. From Calcutta I went up to Darjeeling -- only to become ill once again. The hotel keeper gave me my choice between a British and an Indian doctor. I chose the latter who gave me a powerful tonic that restored my energies. From my window I could see -- between clouds -- those peaks that outdistanced the Alps and -- philosophically -- my family's blood.

On Christmas day, the Tibetan bearer came with my tea, and Charlotte's cable and letter mentioning that our -- Weston's -- cat "Skunky" was in good health! A coal fire in my hotel room cost three rupees, or sixty cents a day; outside I heard the clatter of Tibetan ponies' hooves, the sound of silver bells and the laughter of the riders. I tried to visualize the ancient trade routes across the deserts north of the Himalayas carrying Buddhist religion and culture from India into China. Later, in New Delhi I followed up this interest at the Central Asian

Antiquities Museum, where I discovered that region's linear styles and brilliant strident colors. In wall paintings, chiaroscuro consisted in a thickening of the outlines of features and parts of the human body with a deep orange pigment which -- although not recording any lighting effect -- gave the forms plasticity. In Turkestan, strangely inarticulated figures combine these broad lines of orange pigment with brilliant strident colors such as malachite green and lapis lazuli blue. Orange shading in dark figures is reinforced by white highlights. The technique is presumably Indian in origin. Figures appear as though standing on tiptoe or levitated in air -- a result of ground being completely merged with background. Spatial organization is completely abandoned in favor of a spaceless and heraldic composition. A few paintings at Kizil were done in somber tones -- dark reds, browns and, again, malachite green.

In a region of what is now modern Pakistan, south of the Hindu Kush and the Karakoram Ranges, a great city and center of learning flourished between the 7th century, B.C. and the 7th century, A.D. Taxila was occupied in 326 B.C. by Alexander the Great. Prosperous under the empire of King Asoka, it was overrun by the Kushans in the 1st century A.D. Here we can discover a crucible of artistic styles; a center of Buddhist studies it was visited in the seventh century by Hsuan-Tsang. Remains of Buddhist sculpture and examples of Gandharan (Greek influenced) art are found here, which tell us how Indian influences made their way to China in the pockets of pilgrims travelling from west to east along the string of oases and great trade routes to

the north. In Taxila, ivory dice have been found decorated with inscribed circles that remind us of certain Eskimo ivories, as well as copper objects with a likeness to African forms.

My San Francisco travel agent, Miss Caroline Garrecht, had arranged with India's Jeena Company to provide me with a car, chauffeur and guide once I arrived in New Delhi. The guide, Kumar, was a Hindu while the chauffeur was Moslem, a reminder of happier days before the religious war following India's independence from Great Britian in 1947. Our route was to take us south through Central India to Bhopal where I was to join Carol and G.O. Wilson and visit the Stupas of Maurya India at Sanchi.

On the way to Delhi I had stopped at Banares -- or Varanasi as it is now called by its old Buddhist name. Situated on the banks of the Ganges, the city is famous as a Mecca for pilgrims seeking to wash away their sins in the holy river. There is a fine art gallery in the Hindu University Museum there. Its curator, Shri Rai Krishna Das, received me warmly, and after seeing my etching of the fight between a hawk and a heron in the copy of <u>The Loving Shepherdess</u> that I was carrying with me, he sent for a Mughal painting of a hawk attacking an antelope, and after showing it to me, he asked the son of one of the last painters in that tradition to present me with a squirrel hair brush used for the finest details in those famous miniatures. In Banares I was befriended by Sara Anderson, a Carmel resident who was travelling with a friend in India - they helped restore my flagging spirits.

In Delhi I paused before Mahatma Gandhi's tomb where his

last words -- "Oh God" -- are written in flowers each day and laid on the flat slab. There are no monumental decorations.

AT last, one sunny morning, I set out with Kumar and Mohammed in the old De Soto toward the villages and monuments of Central India.

Paved roads soon gave way to dirt tracks used for centuries by ox-drawn wagons and now cars; lined with Neem and Kikar trees for shade, our way led through fields of millet, broad leaved and yellow green in the sun. "A green sari is like a green parrot in a green tree," Kumar said. The colors are on the people -- intensitites -- an emerald shirt embroidered in pink and ochre -- women scattering across the road -- two blues to the left -- two mauve purples to the right. We entered a forested area and it began to rain. Aboriginal types appeared from villages roofed with cow dung pellets and thatch. The men wore blue violet, cerise and green, the women -- gold, blue and lilac with silver anklets and bracelets of white and gold with blue.

The evening deepened and I became tired and dozed in the sedan's back seat. "Wake up," Kumar's voice jarred me to attention: "Look out there on the right at those people seated in a circle under that tree. They are there to worship the spirit of a saint in the tree where his power is supposed to dwell." The chauffeur slowed his speed while I stared at this remnant of stone age nature worship.

Pausing at Agra -- site of the Taj Mahal -- and turning aside to Fatehpur Sikri, Akbar's ghost city -- (Fater meaning victory) we crossed the Chambal, a broad rapid river, about

half-way to the fort and palaces of Gwalior. This fifteenth century city boasts the best Hindu architecture of its class and was later the center of India's independence movement in 1857. The gates in the fort, 300 feet above the surrounding plain, were named for the surrounding cities they faced. The river crossing on a makeshift pontoon bridge had been hazardous, but we had time to observe a naked man waving his wet dhoti to dry in the wind after washing it in the river.

Our immediate destination was Khajuraho, a cluster of thirty temples which -- with the exception of three -- were all built between 950 and 1050 A.D. The largest, the Kandariya Mahadeo, gives us an idea of the culmination of Indo-Aryan architectural genius. Dedicated by the Chandella Rajputs to Siva, Vishnu and Jain deities, there are no sectarian differences with regard to style.

This temple, built on a high masonry terrace like the early Indian Stupas and Mesopotamian citadels, was a compact unit; the successive mandapas share a common base, while the domical roofs like successive mountain peaks lead to the crowning sikhara. There is a perfect balance of vertical and horizontal volumes with the vertical ascent interrrupted by friezes of dynamic figure sculpture which girdle the entire structure. The erotic embraces of the sculpted figures are meant to typify the union of the soul of man with the divine. The whole structure is an imagined world mountain which separates Heaven and Earth. Accordingly, the final Amalaka like a lotus or solar halo typifies the passage to Heaven.

In the evenings there were bonfires in the open fields surrounding the temples, musical cries and sound of drums. Later, the moment between stillness and tranquility would give way to imminent movement and potential -- a dynamic tension like "prana" or breath. Edward Weston felt that transition movements were the strongest and Dr. Adriani understood the potential for movement in a solid block of stone. However, all-out movement cannot dispense with some sort of referent -- it is not absolute -- nothing is, the Hindus told us, except the All.

We crossed the Sind river on a barge, floating over an almost dry winter wash resembling a New Mexico or Arizona river bed of deep clayey sand. The morning air was clear and I saw a boy herding a lame cow through the ripple behind the herd.

Our 200 mile drive south from Khajuraho (Khaju means date-palm) brought us to the railroad junction at Bhopal where I had promised to meet the Wilsons on this portion of their round-the-world trip from San Francisco. We parked at the railroad station where platforms along the tracks were covered with sleeping Indians. At midnight Kumar was informed that the train coming down from Agra was late, but it was hoped that it would soon arrive. After what seemed an interminable wait we heard a shrill whistle in the distance and the train roared in at full speed. I caught a glimpse of G.O. leaning from one of the standing areas between the cars frantically searching the lighted platform for some sign of us. After a happy reunion we made our way to the "Rest House" where we were to spend the night. A shabby enough place, it had poor toilets and was infested with mice, but the

next morning we set out with fresh energy for the famous Buddhist monuments at Sanchi. On the way we passed women in all shades of mauve and cerise carrying golden-hued jugs of water from local wells on their heads.

In the distance, in the middle of a great plain, we could discern a domed hill crowned by a massive Stupa with unique carved gates. Our excitement mounted as we paused to watch a group of musicians playing for a country wedding circling the holy place that had stood there since approximately 300 B.C.

One of Sanchi's several Stupas, Number One is admitted to be the greatest monument of the early Andhra period. Its southern and western gateways are carved with a continuous narration of animal scenes. Elephants pose against a formalized and symbolic background. Floral and foliate forms give dramatic illusion of jungle. Any naturalism in the forms is due to the aboriginal Dravidian influence. The stone masonry of the main Stupa is of a lilac color similar to the tone one sees in piles of rocks set aside for the mending of roads. The Stupa was originally plastered and the famous gates have a pale ivory color. The four gateways themselves show some Achamenid and Persepolitan influence. Carved in only two planes, the sculptural contours are at right angles to the flat background. There are no transitions thus recommending the images to the glare of the Indian sunlight.

The Stupas were intended to contain relics of Buddha's disciples and the Saints who participated in Asoka's Council of 250 B.C. It is thought that Japanese gateways such as the Torii gate at Nara are directly derived from these Sanchi prototypes.

South of Sanchi and the Satpura Range, in the Ajanta Hills of Maharashtra State, the Gupta cave paintings and sculptures of Ajanta were our next objective. Painting in its descent from Indus Valley pottery to Ajanta had been preoccupied with surface, but in these caves depth and perspective solutions emerged, as well as a kind of structural cubism in the treatment of rocks and buildings.

At nearby Ellura, the Kailasa Temple -- with an area about the same as the Parthenon and one and one half times the height -- is not a structural temple but a monolithic rock carving in architectural form. A Dravidian monument to the God, Siva, it refers to Mount Kailasa, the God's Himalayan home. The pillars are of a Dravidian order, and around the base a wonderful podium frieze of freely disposed lions and elephants appear to support the superstructure on their backs.

A brief stop at Aurangabad provided access to the strikingly erotic cave sculptures there. I could not help noting what a strong attraction they held for me.

Having said goodbye to the two persons who had guided me safely throughout a hazardous journey, I now found myself dependent on Bombay's taxis. Krishnamurti had been scheduled to hold talks there, but he had been ill and the talks were postponed. He was resting at the house of a friend, Mr. Rabansi Morarji. Through Rosalind's good offices, I was invited to lunch there. In order to get a better impression of the residential part of the city I left the taxi and walked some distance along curving roads lined with walled gardens. Arrived at "Vasant Vihar", I

was asked to sit down in a small reception room. Krishnamurti came in looking thinner and somewhat fatigued. This was the only time that I saw him dressed in the loose-fitting white garments of his homeland. After a brief conversation, we went in to lunch. Present besides myself and the Morarji family, was only Krishnamurti, who sat at the head of the table. The place settings consisted of a large plate surrounded by several small silver dishes. A servant passed rice and a vegetable dish in a fine sauce and we filled the silver dishes with a variety of condiments and fruits. Krishnaji indulged in flashes of ironic wit -- a trait I had noticed on previous occasions. When the conversation became serious, examining Indian art, we took turns discussing a possible new art which would combine Eastern and Western principles. Krishnamurti asked for news of my mother and any other news from California.

From India I went on to Ceylon. But not before taking a rail journey to the South Indian forbidden city of Tanjore -- forbidden in the sense that no foreigners were allowed to enter the temples there. Tanjore has a great library with a treasury of Jain manuscripts. I <u>was</u> allowed to visit the library with its marvelous palm leaf manuscripts and illustrated pages of Jain religious texts. The Wilsons met me again in Madras -- the take-off point for Ceylon -- and from there we went out to Mahabalipuram to see the curious rock temples carved from giant seaside boulders. Nearby stone cliffs exhibit relief figures and animals. Free standing boulders are transformed into monkey families, reminding me of the live ones I had seen in the forests

near Gwalior. In those same forests lives a bird -- NILKANTH -- the size of a raven, its plumage is in two shades of blue -- cerulean and ultramarine. It is considered a good omen by the Hindus.

In Columbo I was told that both Hindus and Buddhists objected to Krishnamurti's attacks on organized religion. (When Buddhism was temporarily expelled from India, its priests fled to Tibet and Ceylon.) A quarter century after my visit there, Krishnamurti was being addressed as the "New Buddha". It should not be forgotten that the Gautama Buddha, who lived in India in the sixth century before Christ, taught that moral action can completely arrest the progression of the universe toward periodical destruction. When we think about Huxley's remarks on Evolution, and Jeffers' view of Man's nature, we can better appreciate the direction taken by Krishnamurti.

The jungles in Ceylon are rich and green, full of monkeys and bright colored birds. Wild elephants bathe in the rivers. I had introductions to archaeologists and was allowed to make a rubbing from the moonstone threshold of the temple at Anuradhapura. One is impressed by the prevalence of circular architectural forms in Ceylon. Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk was visiting. He walked in a parade of Kandyan dancers and elephants with golden tusks and ornamented with embroideries of purple and silver. There are painted cloths in Ceylon with figure compositions that remind of Cretan things, and unusual color combinations on the sarong such as olive green dull carmine, and cerulean blue on black. I remember thinking there was something

unusual about the Prince and now, so many years later, he is back in Cambodia after waiting it out in China during the horrendous civil war in his homeland.

In Ceylon I shared a car with people I had met along the way in India -- Kenneth and Katharine Baldridge, identified with Iowa journalism. So, I was able to visit Sigiriya and Polonnaruwa and other out of the way places.

On the way home I spent two weeks in Tokio, then flew over the Aleutians, making a brief emergency landing on one of them when Northwest Airlines ran low on fuel. At Seattle, my cousins, Regula and Abraham Melden, were waiting to provide me with a restful week at their home before I went down to Carmel.

At "The Point" I found Charlotte entertaining our neighbors, Margaret and Nathaniel Owings, so that Nat could use the place as backdrop for his speech to American architects on the subject of open space -- one of his chief concerns as partner of the firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill!

CHAPTER XXV

CARMEL VIII

Soon after my return from the Orient, Charlotte suffered first, a minor stroke, then the more serious one which presaged her death three years later. That the domestic upheavel at "The Point" in the wake of illness was at all manageable was due to the advent of Elsa Songstad, a remarkable Norwegian nurse who took responsibility for our household discipline until the day of my mother's death.

Elsa's husband, Kjell, had been promised a teaching job at the Defense Language School at Monterey's Presidio; but not long after their arrival here the Army changed its plans and Kjell was obliged to take a job in the local real estate business. Daughter of a distinguished Norwegian family, Elsa had trained as a nurse and before coming to us had worked in the household of Edith and Walter Tower, friends of ours who lived in Carmel Valley. Elsa's distinction and love of beauty endeared her to my mother, and it was Elsa who sat with me at the bedside when Charlotte had her dying vision.

With Elsa in charge and an electrical communication system set up between house and studio, I began sleeping there and gave up my painting for some mostly pre-dawn photography in nearby Point Lobos caves which I was allowed to visit whenever I pleased since the Park Wardens and Supervisor Milton Frincke considered our "Point" sufficient protection for their southern boundary. I hired a substitute night nurse and with the help of a part-time gardener, a ramp was built leading from our front entrance down

into the driveway patio. This enabled Charlotte to get out-of-doors in her wheelchair. Even our cat "Skunky" was accepted at last as a welcome companion!

A few visitors continued to call--among them the Adrianis, and the Robert Woods Blisses came out from Washington D.C.

Our last Christmas was quite international when Reva Dutt arrived from India on a scholarship I had helped her to obtain and spent several days with us. I fixed a tree in the corner overlooking the bay, and everyone wore their native costume, mine being decorated with Viennese embroidery stitched by the Carmel artist, Mrs. Jack Herron.

Mother was now bed-ridden; her time would be up in May. She had completed her long poem "Prelude" and I thought of having it published after her death. At this critical point, early in 1960, fate intervened in my life in the person of someone who was not only to help me with this small task, but would soon take hold of the reins as my own grip on them began to falter.

That person was James Miller Dickie, a Scotsman who, paradoxically, had known both of my uncles in Piedmont where he was a featured cartoonist on the Oakland Tribune.

My encounter with James enjoyed all the aura of the fated unforseen. He had taken a job as salesman for Principal Motors, a Ford Franchise which maintained showrooms on Calle Principal in Monterey. Principal sold Lincolns as well as more modestly priced cars and Jim made enough in commissions to support his mother, Bessie Smith, who lived in Santa Cruz, with a little left over for his bachelor's apartment on Watson Street in central

Monterey. His landlady was a sympathetic older woman and she let James have space on the downstairs front of her handsome historic home which was surrounded with neat green lawns and concrete statues imitating the ancient and less prudish Greeks.

The small Pontiac sedan I was driving was still serviceable. One day leaving the wharf with a packet of fish and looking straight ahead, I noticed a large sign hanging in front of Principal Motors on the far side of Alvarado Street. The sign advertised a European utility car called Taunus. Maybe I need a car that can better carry my paintings to out-of-town shows, I thought. I crossed the street and stopped in front of Principal's showrooms. A medium sized sturdy looking gentleman emerged from behind the plate glass windows, he was dressed in a neat navy blue suit, recently pressed. "Good morning," the man said, "what can I do for you?" Later I learned that my tired and almost disheveled appearance had not been lost on others of the staff, and they let James handle the newcomer alone.

That same morning I turned in my car for credit and purchased the Taunus. I was not used to its manual stick shift and two weeks later I found myself plunging down Ocean Avenue straight into the main commercial section of Carmel. Terrified, I called James and he said that he would come the The Point and talk things over. I remember him sitting in the living room looking out over the bay with a thoughtful expression. "Principal might take back the Taunus," he said, "if you are prepared to buy another car." I remember my mother's surprised look when the large white Edsel sedan first appeared in our

driveway. For all its later reputation the car was first rate and served James and myself for the next twenty years. For this trade James almost lost his job at Principal, and within the year he had resigned from their staff and begun his attempt to make a comeback as a cartoonist.

And so James would come and call when he could and although he was the friend who could least afford it, he usually brought a bouquet of red gladioli and stood holding them at the foot of Charlotte's bed while she looked from one to the other of us in a questioning way as though she knew that someone had come to take care of me after she was gone.

A cerebral hemorrhage brought on a coma from which my mother had a brief awakening near the end. Elsa was sitting with me by the bed when Charlotte's eyes opened. Her hazel eyes blazed bright blue with an expression of ineffable joy as her gaze fixed on the ocean horizon opposite where she lay. I leaned forward: "It's wonderful," I said. Somehow she heard and barely nodded as she slipped back into unconsciousness.

Later I told Krishnamurti what I had seen. We were at a dinner in Ojai and I went around to his chair to tell him. "Did you see <u>that</u>?" he said in an excited tone, and treated it as a vision of some sort.

I wrote Frederick Mortimer Clapp in New York and he sent me the following letter:

530 East 86th Street, N.Y. June 7, 1960

Very dear Jean,

Yes, in that moment the whole intricate vast structure of language is as if it never was. It is a thought killing silence that one can never put away from one's waking mind, perhaps because the mind one seemed to have never wakes up again. I think of Charlotte's long and active life of compassion and the salvaging of other lives and the long years of your devotion in the midst of the almost wounding beauty of nature, the endless smashing of waves beneath the cliff, the wonderful land around you living its own inaccessible life. It was a good setting for death, but perhaps a cruel one for death's delay. I think of you. I think of that moment of aloneness when the one you gave so much life to strangely no longer breathed. Dear Jean, you have been delivered from fear. All my best to you.

Affectionately,

Tim -

CHAPTER XXVI

CARMEL IX

Frank De Amaral, the Portuguese road-builder, was an old friend of father's. When he learned of Vernon's death, he went down to Garrapata Canyon in Big Sur and selecting a large granite boulder from the stream-bed, hauled it up to Monterey where the name KELLOGG was inscribed on its surface. The rock stood on a large plot that mother had secured in Cemeterio El Encinal in 1937.

Now, twenty-three years later my aunt and I stood with our friend, Bishop Ziegler, as the small bronze box containing Charlotte's ashes was carefully placed below the gravel surface near that of Vernon's. Three birch trees flourished at one corner--reminding perhaps of that part of my parent's lives spent in the East.

My aunt stayed on a few more days at "The Point." "Who is James Dickie?" she asked. "Will he come to lunch?" When the day came we sat out in the studio patio. Jim who combined a theatrical talent with his comic gifts, was at his best, acting out stories of his life at the Oakland Tribune.

I give my Aunt Regula credit for changing the mind-set of a fifty year old spinster. I had a strange dream of flowers suddenly blooming on the top of an icy peak. A few weeks later Jim and I clasped hands on that same patio. When he left he kissed me in the garage. "Why did you choose me?" he asked.

Bishop Ziegler declined to perform the marriage ceremony. He was an Episcopalian and Jim had been twice divorced, a fact

mercifully unknown to my aunt. So, a Presbyterian minister joined us together in the living room at The Point. Present besides Louis Zalk who gave me away, were Erma, Louis' wife; Jim's mother, Bessie Smith; my Aunt Regula and her daughter, my cousin Regula. Elsa had made a lovely cake decorated with little American flags.

Agnes Meyer invited us to honeymoon at the Meyer estate in Mount Kisco, New York. That was exciting but impossible; so we were happy to accept an invitation from the anthropologist, Maud Oakes, to spend two weeks at her Big Sur home on Partington Ridge. We could drive there in the Edsel! We arrived to find a wedding supper of cold chicken, salad and champagne stowed away in the refrigerator. These had been provided by Maud's neighbor and my old friend, Nicholas Roosevelt, who had also printed a menu on a gold-embossed United States diplomatic service card on which was mentioned that the chicken had been spit-roasted at Point of Whales, that the salad was mixed with Partington Peerless dressing, while the melon was accompanied with Big Sur fresh lime.

After supper we spent a quiet evening sitting out on the terrace watching some meteors tracing above the Pacific.

When we first made love I found little pleasure in the strenuous act. I was overwhelmed by a profound and somewhat abstract revealation of cosmic design from which I drew a feeling of intense fulfillment. Later we found joy in each other.

Six months after our return to the Highlands, Jim became ill. His symptoms were linked to throat cancer. Undaunted, he

refused to accept defeat and began radiation therapy. Surgery was postponed because the tumour was too close to the spine. I loaned the radiologist a photograph of Marie Curie inscribed to myself and given to me when mother and I were in Paris. Marie had a thoughtful expression and was shown leaning on a pile of books. The doctor hung it in his office and never gave it back. When I complained about this to the psychologist, Harper Brown, he said: "What do you think that picture meant to all those people in the waiting room?" Since the radiologist held the first key to Jim's recovery, I agreed that it was just and I was content.

After the most dangerous area had been eliminated, a major operation by a controversial surgeon was completely successful. Not long afterwards Dr. Mahoney left to practice in South America, but not before he mentioned with some envy that he had seen the photograph in the radiologist's office. Dr. Mahoney had told us that we had had a ten percent chance.

Radiation made it impossible for Jim to function sexually without pain. After a few intermittent tries we gave it up. Only the love was left and it never failed us until the end. "Love the tree, not the branch," Krishnamurti had said.

In her book, <u>THE STONE SPEAKS</u>, Maud Oakes tries to define the love principle in psychological terms. Maud, who had lived with the Navajo Indians and the Mayan remnants in Guatemala, was a disciple of the Swiss psychiatrist, Dr. Carl Gustav Jung. She was a Lesbian and interested in the psychological development of incest victims who were blocked in their ability to love. Her

book analyzes the cryptic messages carved on a stone tablet by Dr. Jung. Maud Oakes interprets these as reaching toward forgiveness, acknowledging the spiritual principles of source, becoming and return to the source. The ability to eventually dispense with a guide. Harmony and Order do exist.

The friendship that Merle Armitage had offered me was soon extended to my husband and we were invited to spend a week at Manzanita Ranch. We drove down in December while Jim still seemed in good health. It snowed while we were there. Seated near a roaring fire in the aluminum-roofed redwood and stone house, Merle and Jim began to plan a book to teach children the art of comic drawing. Within a year, YOUR CHILD CAN DRAW with a Foreword by Merle Armitage was published by Armitage's Manzanita Press.

During our visit, Merle's wife, Isabelle, shared the gourmet cooking that her husand--as a member of the "Cordon Bleu" insisted on carrying out in the California desert. And, significantly, because Merle had given me a bed in Isabelle's mother's room, I was introduced to Lucie Heymann, one of France's most distinguished writers.

On the morning of our departure the temperature had fallen low enough so that a sheathing of ice had formed over the dirt road leading from the ranch across the desert to the town of Yucca Valley, a distance of fourteen miles. Merle walked ahead of us to test driving conditions. Two miles out we caught up with him. There he turned back and waved goodbye. Still strong at sixty-eight, his massive figure receded into the winter land-

scape and the symphony of cloud and rock surrounding Manzanita Ranch.

CHAPTER XXVII

CARMEL VALLEY I

In the fall of '64, I flew back to Iowa to attend funeral services in West Branch for former President Herbert Clark Hoover. The only Peninsulan to stand among the cornfields where the ceremony took place, I also visited the Presidential Library in town. Then, at Cedar Rapids I boarded a two engine commuter plane that rocketed through a nasty thunderstorm to a safe landing in Chicago.

Back home, Jim appeared exhausted and went for tests at the hospital. I was suddenly aware that the sea air about the "Point" exacerbated the sensitive condition of his throat. Furthermore, it was evident the place required an expensive caretaker and a sometimes maid. So, I took out a mortgage, put the "Point" up for sale and--of one mind--we moved to Carmel Valley where hot, dry summers replaced coastal fogs.

Two one story adobes on an acre--more or less--made up our property that lay astride the mouth of a deep ravine cutting between hills just east of Carmel Valley Village. Boundary disputes dragged on for months while we settled in between good neighbors one of whom presented us with a grey striped female cat. Itsy spent the rest of her Story Road years hunting rodents in our front meadow where poppies and other wildflowers took care of themselves. Three tall redwoods shadowed the driveway; a California Bay Laurel stood near an entrance flanked by stone pillars.

Except in winter little water flowed in the ravine through thickets of fern below hillsides covered with oak, laurel and sycamore. The sandy bottom was a trailway for mountain lion following deer. Five inch paw prints between the daisies and the bank where we planted iris showed that the cougar had come this way before giving up the hunt, turning and leaving claw marks and feces in our driveway. Smaller tracks suggested that it was the old she-cat with cubs that hunters had told Jim used to travel twenty to thirty miles on her circuit. I never saw her, but heard her mewing heavily while a bobcat, watching from above, gave vent to ashmatic snarls.

There were grey foxes, skunks and a handsome kingsnake--the latter lived in the meadow. Descendants of former residents, a Great Western Horned Owl family frequented the ravine. One evening I looked up to see sunset light reflected from the undersides of enormous silent wings. Deer betrayed their presence by the rattle and fall of small stones down the canyon sides.

I began a bird count with astonishing results. White-tailed kites, Coopers, Red-tails and an occasional Marsh Hawk hunted the slopes above us. And there were butterflies and insects of all kinds--a Black Widow spider spun her web against an adobe wall, but was not encouraged to stay.

The smaller of the two adobes was located below a five-sided building with a shaded patio running right up into the ravine. Jim saw that we could convert the downhill garage-apartment unit into a forty foot studio where I could set up my etching press and he could find space under an imported skylight to work on his

"How To Draw" books being published by Fearon, an educational firm in Belmont, California. No more newspaper deadlines--just agreeable hard work.

We added a carport at the upper end of the driveway, and eventually Jim's mother, Elizabeth Smith, came over from Santa Cruz. Settled in the downhill apartment unit, she fed birds, tended flowers and picked apples, lemons and any plums left by the crows. A great lady, Elizabeth had been born to the Mar Clan in Scotland. I loved my mother-in-law and we had many happy adventures together.

Quite naturally, our immediate neighbors--the David Caswells on the west, and Dick and Dorothy Chapell on the east hill slope, were involved in our daily lives from the start. A few miles further down the valley we found other friends: Len and Mimi Klene, patrons of Peninsula music lived on Rancho Road just beyond the Al Parkers. A distinguished member of the Society of Illustrators, Al had come west from New York with his wife Evelyn. He had played drums on Mississippi river boats and Evelyn was a St. Louis girl. Al became Jim's closest friend in a community where America's top cartoonists made their home. Among them, Eldon Dedini, of New Yorker fame; Gus Arriola, creator of Gordo; Jimmie Hatlo -- "They'll Do it Every time"; Hank Ketcham -- "Dennis The Menace" and Frank O'Neal "Short Ribs."

Del Fino Place, zoned for commercial use, was a plaza-like area just east of the main highway running through Carmel Valley Village. The Cummings building, a two story semi-modern wooden structure fronted toward the mountains on the valley's south

side. The building's second floor with its large plate glass windows was clearly suited to an Art Gallery. So, in May of '67, for a modest $75.00 monthly rent, we opened a business there to be called the Jean Kellogg Gallery.

Besides our own work, I owned a substantial collection: works by the French painter Franscois Arnal and Akio of Japan; woodcuts by the young Tarascan artist, Mexico's Gildardo Uribe. We showed sculpture by Gordon Newell and Brett Weston and became an affiliate of the Jason Gallery in New York, introducing its headliner, Minna Citron, a major constructivist and graphic artist and a personal friend of mine. Locally, we represented Richard Lofton, Louise Boyer and Gerald Wasserman among others.

In the little over a year of its existence the Gallery developed a high reputation attracting out-ot-town buyers as far away as Fresno, and locally, the Salinas collectors, Dr. and Mrs. Jacob J. Foster, who bought my Winslow Homer etching "Eight Bells." Dr. Foster was a distinguished neurosurgeon who practiced in Salinas, helping to lay the foundation for later distinction in medical practice in that city. His wife, Helen, also a collector, and an art historian, approved her husband's purchase of several other pieces from the Gallery. Irene Alexander, art critic for the Monterey Peninsula Herald, gave us outstanding publicity in spite of her bias against publicizing Valley art ventures. But it was Cumming's mistake in renting a garbage disposal service in a space directly opposite our front entrance that decided us to leave--or rather his mistake provided us with an excuse to retreat from long hours on Del Fino Place to

more creative work at Story Road. Jehanne Salinger Carlson wrote our obituary for the Herald; artist friends cried openly in the parking space below the Gallery.

There was one other "Art Gallery" near the Village. Since it was annexed to a theater, it was not publicized as such; and because it functioned to help local artists and evidenced real discrimination, the Green Room of the Tantamount Theater exercized a considerable influence on the local scene.

In 1960, Ralph Geddis and Franscois Martin opened the Tantamount Theater in a graceful long wooden building off Middle Canyon Road above Los Laureles Lodge. It held one hundred forty-four seats and could be expanded to hold one hundred and seventy. The two owners had been doing business together since 1931 as a professional theater partnership. Both were California natives: Geddis went on to perform in the New York Neighborhood Playhouse and Martin after studying painting and sculpting in Santa Barbara practiced drawing at the Corcoran School of Art in Washington D.C.

Geddis studied ballet with Fokine and dancing with Martha Graham. In Santa Barbara, Martin acted in silent films and researched theater craft under Harry Brainard, Charles Meredith and Irving Pichel.

The two met in Boston and directed a puppet theater there. In 1947, they returned to Santa Barbara where they opened a theater which they ran for five years. They then moved to Carmel, finally purchasing the Carmel Valley Property. Along the

way they were patronized by Jeanne Cherrey at her Foundation on Guadalupe Street in Carmel.

The Tantamount opened with stage productions, followed by poetry readings, mime and puppetry. They showed old movie classics featuring performers such as John Barrymore, Sarah Bernhardt, Duse and Chaplin. Al Parker's son, Kit, was the first hired projectionist, later developing his own business in classic films.

Live stage productions presented Hindu dancer, Ishvani; and Swiss pantomimist Jan Kessler. Puppet shows were popular done standing beneath the tiny puppet stage floor.

The drop curtain, painted by Franscois Martin, followed the design of a painting in the artist's room at the Comedie Francaise in Paris depicting Moliere with clowns on stage in 1670 at the Theatre Royale.

In addition to stage presentations, the Tantamount featured a Gallery called the Green Room where local artists displayed their work--notably Eve Tartar and Molla Moss.

In 1971, I held an exhibition in the Green Room. Besides intaglios and monoprints I showed a few watercolors including the large Blue Puma which was bought by the Samson Knolls who took it back to my original studio in the Highlands which had become their home. Francois matted many of my prints himself, using 1906 Whatman paper for backing! For the many prints sold, the Tantamount charged no commission, even going so far as to purchase two examples for its own collection. Later, I held another exhibition there in conjunction with a show of Jim's original

witty cartoon drawings. Not since The Truedells had mounted an important exhibition of my work in the old Highlands days had I met with such kindness and selfless interest.

In 1975, Ralph Geddis died and three years later The Tantamount burned down and with it went an inventory which included six hundred handmade puppets. Although local efforts raised the funds to rebuild the theater, neighbors now lived where there had been open space and the theater ran into use permit problems.

Geddis and Martin were avowed homosexuals--the genuine kind. They did not need to flaunt their life style, for they knew they were related in their exceptional talents to all those others throughout history distinguished by extraordinary creative ability. It is true that they suffered a certain amount of social ostracism even in Carmel, a town which prided itself on its ultra-liberal beginnings. Theirs was not a life style adopted for ulterior reasons nor to avoid social responsibility. On the contrary, this monogamous pair had great compassion and sensitivity and brought honor to one of Nature's less dominant systems. It is worth remarking here that in too many cases incest can initiate an imitative habit based on a need for personal power. It is extremely difficult to break the pattern of dependency and consequently to acquire the ability to trust others and develop affection and love for another--especially of the opposite sex. Homosexual prostitution and promiscuity may become the norm and it is extremely difficult to break out of the pattern.

When we first moved to the Valley I thought that we might be isolated there--that few friends would find their way up the steep drive toward the hills. On this point I was soon to be set right. Among the first to arrive were Brett Weston, Al Parker and Merle Armitage, followed by travellers from London and visitors from France and the U.S. Department of State.

In September of '67, Dr. Raymond Henle who was in charge of the Herbert Hoover Oral History Program for the Archives of Herbert Hoover Presidential Library and Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace, found his way to Story Road. This was to be the first of his several visits to conduct extended interviews describing the relationship between my father and Herbert Hoover.

On March 5, 1972, Jim's mother died in a Monterey nursing home where she had been hospitalized following a heart attack sustained at Story Road. We were with her near the end, and I noticed that while my mother had had a vision--not yet explained--before she went out, Bessie rested in absolute faith in that grave mystery.

One of nine in a large Scottish family, Bessie was passed over for the advanced artistic education that her talents merited. In this she resembled my grandmother, and like Regula Baumgartner, she made up for it in the end by a spiritual destiny. In October, a double rainbow showed across the valley--the first of several we were to enjoy. The following summer, Jim's cousin, Mairi Hughes, visited us after returning to

the West coast from her native Scotland. Another cousin, Jean Jacobson, of Santa Barbara had kept ties with Jim and his mother.

After my mother-in-law's death, we divided the Story Road property by purchasing land from our immediate neighbors, and then moved into the stuido building which had ample living space for ourselves. There we stayed until finally leaving the Valley for Monterey.

In March intense blue skies with floating white clouds sent light down through the skylight onto Jim's desk where he was completing drawings for "DRAW YOUR OWN ZOO AND COLOR IT TOO." The book was copyrighted in 1971.

I resumed work at the etching press, and painted two murals of Partington Canyon subjects, and a self portrait remembered at the same place.

Bishop A.J. Willinger of Fresno accompanied by four heads of local Mission churches called on us one July evening in 1971. The Bishop had become fond of Jim after my husband had demonstrated comic drawing to student classes in Fresno. Jim had attended a Retreat in San Juan Bautista where he had met a number of Fresno Catholics who invited him to their town. My mother had made friends across the valley when they had come to the coast seeking summer cool. So, I decided to cement our friendship with the Bishop by presenting the Library of the Fresno Diocese with an orginal Belgian illuminated manuscript signed by the late Cardinal Mercier. At that time the Fresno Diocese also included Monterey. Neither Jim nor I were Catholic.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CARMEL VALLEY II

While we still lived at "The Point," Willard and Barbara Van Dyke came over from the Ansel Adams whom they were visiting and spent an afternoon with us. Brett Weston also came, and Joe and Carolyn Gardner, Jim's Oakland friends.

By 1970, Willard was directing the Department of Film at New York's Museum of Modern Art. Since Jim was under heavy medical expense I offered to sell Van Dyke thirty Edward Weston prints from my collection. Willard accepted immediately, saying that he had very few of Edward's prints to show for a long friendship. I offered a group which included twelve rare nude studies for the extraordinary price of two thousand dollars! I think that later Willard was a little ashamed of this, and bought another single print from me for five thousand and gave a few of the others to certain collections including the rare platinum print: Tres Ollas de Oaxaca--one of twelve--which he presented to the Museum of the University of Michigan. In any case, the major portion of my collection had gone east.

Willard arranged the major E.W. Retropsective at MOMA which opened in '75. In the meantime he had come to Story Road to visit Jim who had had a serious repeat of his illness the previous year. They were old friends from Piedmont High School days. While at Story Road, Vana Dyke selected three prints that we were willing to lend to his upcoming exhibition.

The prints were as follows:

#110 Nude 1/50 1933

#159 Nude 1/50 1934

#190 Nude 1/50 1934

Friends continued to arrive at Story Road: Merle Armitage and Brett Weston; Charis Weston and her brother Leon; poet Eric Barker, and Len and Mimi Klene, patrons of Carmel's music and art forums. For daily support we relied on our close neighbors Dorothy and Dick Chappell and David and Judy Caswell. Dorothy, a Maryland academic, bought my work and Dick helped Jim build our carport. The Caswells kept an eye on our small orchard on land that they had permitted Jim to buy.

Leaving Jim under the watchful eye of Joan Levy, a trained nurse who lived with her husband, Robert, in what had been our main adobe, I flew east in May of 1970. First stop--New Haven.

The small commuter plane from New York made a bumpy crossing of the Sound, landing in the town where I had spent three years at Yale's School of Art. This time I was taking a gift to the Sterling Library where I planned to establish the Charlotte and Vernon Kellogg Collection and later, the Jean Kellogg and James Dickie Collection of historical manuscripts that would include personal papers, correspondence, legal and other documents, photographs, awards and printed material. Most importantly those left behind by my parents.

My hotel window looked out over the Green with its three white-painted churches and further away, Harkness Tower and the University campus.

I enjoyed the thought of walking to my appointment with Rutherford D. Rodgers, the University Librarian, and Herman Kahn, Associate Librarian for Historical manuscripts and Archives. (Kahn had been curator of the national Archives in Washington D.C. before coming to Yale.)

Sterling Library was another of those ornate Gothic Style buildings on Campus; the Beinecke rare book library, built later, is more modern. I walked past the Yale Art Gallery at 56 High Street and crossed over to Sterling where I was expected at 11:00 a.m. It was May 25th.

I was received with a distant courtesy. Questions about my trip and present state of health. There was a pause--then: "What have you brought us?" Mr. Rodgers asked, eyeing my travel sack. "Letters," I said. "Here are a few from my collection in California," and I handed over holograph correspondence from Una Jeffers to my mother, an autographed letter from Robinson Jeffers on meter and rhyme, letters from Kathleen Norris, Mary Roberts Rhinehart, Eric Kelley, Nicholas Roosevelt, Justice Harlan Stone and John Holmes. "The rest are at home," I said. "Paderewski correspondence; about 30 letters of historical interest from Ellery Sedgwick, Editor of the Atlantic Monthly, World War I correspondence with Vernon Kellogg and Herbert Hoover letters and cables."

What had been a skeptical reception changed to a warm and appreciative welcome. Taking the Jeffers letters in hand, Rodgers said that he had no doubt that President Brewster would be pleased to have the Charlotte and Vernon Collection at Yale.

A great weight had been lifted from my mind. I walked out of Sterling past students, heads bent over desks piled with books, leaving behind two new friends with whom I was to have a long and useful association.

Back at the hotel I changed to get ready for dinner. My old painting instructor, Deane Keller, and his wife, Kathleen, had invited me to the Faculty Club. As a student I had never been inside the place, so I was fascinated to see the walls lined with portraits of the great teachers who had guided us at good old Eli Yale. It was a last farewell. Next morning, New York.

Perrin Galpin, former President of the Belgian American Foundation established by the Commission For Relief in Belgium, was living in Pelham Manor just outside New York. It was he who had suggested that I put any remaining Kellogg papers at Yale rather than Stanford. (Mother had already placed important papers at the Hoover Institution for War Revolution and Peace at Stanford.) However, Perrin felt that the Institution had become more conservative, that they already had a great deal of documentation and that I had things in my possession which--besides being placed in safekeeping at Yale--would get better treatment there.

I had accepted Perrin's invitation to lunch with him at the Yale Club in New York on May 27th, two days after my interview in New Haven. The Club, at 50 Vanderbilt Avenue, occupied the corner of East 44th Street across from Grand Central Terminal. I was to take an elevator to the Roof Dining Room, also called the Ladie's Dining Room. I remember that the elevator was full of

affluent Yale men who had "made it" in American business. I got off at the 22nd floor and found Perrin waiting for me. He had reserved a table and we sat down to talk over "my news."

I told him that the Kellogg Collections were to be established at the University. Although research work on them was to be intermittant, I have never regretted taking Galpin's advice in the matter.

My visit to New York had another important objective: to offer to The Museum of Modern Art four one sheet woodcuts used to advertise Jim's movie series titled "Kartune Tips." Only four of the original twelve 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 foot posters remained in his possession; all the others having been dispersed outside or inside movie theatres. The subjects were:

"Action" -- drawing of a man running--color red and black

"Hats" -- black, blue and yellow on white

"Wrinkles -- a portly male figure in a wrinkled waistcoat - with green and red

"Women" -- woman jumping over a mouse--orange, black, blue and white.

The drawings were taken from one of Jim's early cartoon books. Cut in 1929, at the beginning of the era of sound, the posters had a stylistic affinity with Pop Art. In the movies Jim narrated and illustrated his method of comic drawing at a time when cartooning was big and "in." The process of woodcutting one sheets was not displaced by lithography until several years later

and these sheets are unique in their force of deep cut black outlining and depth of color.

It would be up to Willard Van Dyke to make the offer to the Department of Film at MOMA. He and his wife, Barbara, had asked me to dinner at a hotel adjacent to the Museum's Sculpture Garden. He said he was sure that Jim's offer would be accepted and soon after my return to California the four one sheets--glassed and framed in wood--were shipped to 11 west 53rd Street, New York.

CHAPTER XXIX

WASHINGTON D.C. III

On my way home I stopped over in Washington D.C. to visit mother's old friend, Agnes Ernst Meyer. Widow of Eugene Meyer, she was heir to the Washington Post newspaper. A "liberal," she had been a friend of Wendell Willkie. First woman journalist on the New York Sun, she viewed Democracy as a system based on tension and kept within bounds by justice. A champion of rural education in America, she was one of the first powerful defenders of Afro-Americans, having opposed the Daughters of the American Revolution who refused to let Marian Anderson sing in their Hall, with the result that Marian sang a recital on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. Eugene had been appointed first president of the World Bank and Meyer attitudes were equally liberal toward world economic systems. Anderson went on to become the first Black to be named a permanent member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Phillips met my train at Union Station. Older now by almost forty years, he still drove for the Meyers and remembered me as a schoolgirl in the capital. At the entrance to the Meyer driveway at Crescent Place, he was embarrassed by the presence of some Black hoods lounging about the gate. The incident was symptomatic of other changes in the city that embittered Agnes Meyer toward the end of her life. A tragedy. This bitterness spilled over toward my mother whom she felt had "gone overboard" on the subject of the Poles. And toward Herbert Hoover who had appointed Meyer President of the Federal Reserve; they never got along.

I had maintained a personal bond with Agnes Meyer ever since I was a young student at the Art Student's League in New York. Agnes maintained an apartment in the city and I had accompanied her to a John Marin exhibition at An American Place. It was on that occasion that she had made up a thirty year long estrangement from the dealer, Alfred Stieglitz, a circumstance of which I was unaware until afterward when we went down together in the elevator. Apparently the presence of a third party had helped to break the ice. Out of gratitute, Agnes asked Stieglitz to loan me a magnificent Marin watercolor for six months and so began my own friendship with Steiglitz who always welcomed me to An American Place, and later gave me a copy of his letters to and from John Marin.*[33]

For my first evening, Agnes had arranged a formal dinner to which she had invited the widow of Post columnist Drew Pearson. Supper the next evening was different. Served on trays in an upstairs sitting room, we sat alone. Agnes wanted to read me part of a chapter she was writing about an encounter with my father in the California Sierra. Finishing her dinner before I had started dessert, she put on a pair of dark rimmed glasses and began to read from a pencilled manuscript:

"In the summer of 1924 I had taken three of my children on a camping expedition in the California mountains. Late one glorious August evening our packtrain, after a long, steep ascent, emerged from the King's River Valley in the High Sierras onto the plateau which divides that canyon from the Kern. We

noticed at once with the ill-will of explorers that already the smoke of a camp-fire was curling its way toward the cloudless sky from a great jumble of boulders a few miles downstream and decided, sulkily, that in spite of the late hour we would ride as far as possible to escape these intruders upon our solitude. To my surprise and annoyance, as we approached the encampment, a member of the party ran somewhat stiffly down the rocky slope, waded into the shallow stream, and shouted to us to wait until he could catch up. It was Vernon Kellogg. He had heard that I was somewhere in the neighborhood and had recognized our outfit from afar, not only because I was followed by three small children, but because, believing in comfort under all circumstances, I always have a pack-train, the length of which never fails to arouse the mirth and contempt of my real mountaineering firends.

"And Vernon's friends were of the hardiest, the adventurous type of mountain climbers who never use a trail if it can be avoided and therefore travel light. On this occasion his party had broken a new trail from the King's River watershed by crossing the Divide through a a notch about 12,000 feet high, a short distance south of Milestone Peak, a feat that members of the Sierra Club had long contmeplated. They had covered in one arduous day what we had done in three; a long, hard and even dangerous climb, which, for all I know, may now have been charted and turned into an ordinary travel route.

"Vernon was nearly exhausted but exuded the happiness, the sheer ecstasy which is peculiar to those who love to face the perils of high and unexplored regions, and his air of triumph, of

peril overcome, made me feel so effete that I can remember sheepishly wishing my lengthy pack-train could somewhow be concealed from the appraising eyes of his companions. I felt that Vernon was losing caste with his rugged associates on the other side of the stream by merely knowing a city-slicker like me and when I extended a diffident invitation for lunch at our camp the next day, it was no surprise to have such doings sternly rejected by everybody except my loyal friend.

"Toward noon the next day Vernon rode into camp, still showing some fatigue as he slid from the saddle. Our sleeping tents were pitched on a picturesque little island below which the reunited stream dashed over a ten-foot waterfall and then fell rapidly down toward the distant valley. The kitchen was on the mainland and from our luncheon table, posed on a flat rock above the splashing current, we had a view, not visible to the higher camp, over an infinity of superb granite peaks. The beauty and comfort of it all amused Vernon by its contrast, but as he leaned back in his folding arm-chair, a quizzical expression of embarrassed enjoyment and profound relaxation played across his delicately modelled features.

"During lunch he regaled me and the children with a hilarious account of the adventures and delights of trail-breaking. Vernon was always a staunch defender of mountain climbing in America as compared with the much advertised pleasures of the Alpine ranges. He claimed that the element of adventure was far greater in the less frequented and less charted expanse of the High Sierra than on the well-known ascents, often

staircased and balustraded, of the European mountains...He called the children's attention--for Vernon had a great love for children and knew how to interest them in the mysteries and beauties of nature--to the formation and geological history of the Rockies, and to the peculiar fact that the high peaks of the Sierra Nevada and Colorado range are all of about the same height; that the highest twenty peaks in each of the two systems all come within five hundred feet above or below the 14,000 foot average. Then he talked learnedly, but in the simplest language, of the birds and vegetation and explained that the mountaineer, as he climbs upward, finds the same distribution of animal and plant life as the traveller over parallels of latitude in its influence on organisms.

"There was no trace of pedantry in Vernon's mentality but his natural interest in science and philosophy was apt to lead an untrammelled conversation such as this occasion afforded to a consideration of ultimate human values...

"When the children left us for an afternoon of fishing, Vernon and I stretched out on the sunny, flat rock over which the stream slipped, broad and shallow, just after it plunged over the little ledge. As he was telling me details of yesterday's adventures--how at times the pack-animals had to be hauled up dangerous spots by a rope slipped through the diamond hitch--we became conscious of a constant sound, a little flip-flip-flip in the water before us. A tiny trout, some four inches long, was fighting his way upstream, making a scarcely perceptible headway as the result of his constant effort because the current was

strong over the smooth stone, and because the stream was so shallow that the upper part of his body actually protruded from the water. And yet he could not rest from his struggles without being swept back to the treacherous waterfall whose navigation must have been accomplished only a short time ago. For several hours we sat and observed and marvelled as that bit of animate matter resolutely followed its instinctive urge to fight the heavy odds with which it had to contend. The incident led Vernon's thoughts far afield to a discussion of the natural forces, the will to live and to develop that seems to dominate all of nature, animate and perhaps even inanimate. What is this force, we asked ourselves, and what is its origin?"

At this point, Agnes put down her manuscript and stopped reading. Looking past me, she seemed to be trying to recall the essence of the conversation that had taken place so many years before. As she approached the end of her own life, would that remembered talk take on new meaning?

"I wish I could now recall Vernon's exact language," she said, "for it was inspired, but it is all too many years ago. Unfortunately, I can only find a synopsis of our conversation in my diary--no direct quotation.

"I know that we discussed the limitations of human knowledge as it approaches ultimate causes. I know that we examined the relationship of the human personality to its environment, and I know that finally we came to talk of death." Here, Agnes broke off and was silent. On this note our evening's visit came to an abrupt end. My hostess told me she was tired, so after an

emotional "Good-night," I left the sitting-room to prepare for my early morning departure from Dulles airport.

Agnes Meyer died on September 2, 1970, five months after my visit to Crescent Place.

CHAPTER XXX

MONTEREY

In 1978 we moved to Monterey. The grey and white apartment house at 428 Monroe Street had been built on an historical site opposite a cottage once the home of "Pop Ernst" of abalone fame. Soon to be demolished, the latter was replaced by a pretentious tile-roofed villa in the Italian style.

Jim secured a one bedroom apartment on the front of 428; we were its first occupants and lived there -- at least one of us did -- for fourteen years. The interior was painted a cheerful white and ceiling-high windows provided spectacular views of Monterey Bay north to Santa Cruz and east past the airport to the Salinas Valley. Due west, oaks and pines cloaked the ridge beyond which one could picture the outer coast. A pleasant porch replaced our usual acre of land while the second story height above a garage dramatized night views of our surroundings. Full moons cast their wake across the bay silhouetting the dark pilings of wharves -- jet black against silver.

Birds followed us to Monterey: looking through binoculars at a bay sailing meet, a large dark bird flew directly into my view. Powerful wings sharply curved up at the tips, wedge shaped tail, heavy hooked yellow bill, brilliant yellow patch on top of head proclaimed a <u>SKUA</u> visiting the Pacific Coast. An open ocean bird, it breeds in Antarctica.

Other less spectacular wings livened the scene: an occasional Cooper's or Red-Shouldered Hawk, the Western Wood Pewee, gold and ruby finches, sparrows, Juncos, and in March Cedar

Waxwings, Robins, Mockingbirds. Swallows hunted the large cypress just south of us. Of Ravens there were plenty.

Besides father's early ties to the town, we had links with Monterey stemming from our 1975 exhibition at the Monterey Peninsula Museum of Art where I mounted a Retrospective associated with a show of recent sculptures by Gordon Newell. That Gordon was pleased with this association was a real stimulus since I have always felt that he was a sculptor of great contemporary significance. James Dickie showed his witty drawings of animals in a second story gallery of the Museum, drawing a crowd of admirers up the stairs. A testament to the power of humor in Man's existence.

Much of my show was loaned by collectors, and it was not until later that an important painting of mine was acquired by the Museum after it had surfaced in the estate of Maud Oakes. One of the last of the "Red Cave" series.

I soon felt at home on Monroe Street, listening to father's crickets singing loud in the hedge below the front windows. We gave a party and friends came. Ev and Al Parker, Donnan and Lee Jeffers, Jehanne Salinger and Jerome Carlson, Brett Weston, Frank and Marjory Lloyd, Hope and Russell Williams. Dr. Williams had been our neighbor at the "Point" and was first to arrive there when mother suffered her major stroke. Charis and Leon Wilson came and Katie Clare Mazzeo and Neil and Kraig Weston. All these persons played creative roles in our lives. Later, Olive and Jagan Sharma arrived from India with news of Krichnamurti. Book dealer, Ron Randall stopped by on his way to Los Angeles. In

Monterey we were on the "main track" for those travelling up and down the State, including my cousins, the Meldens, from Newport Beach.

William Monihan, S.J., Director of Library Relations at the University of San Francisco, was a frequent visitor. We had been introduced by Blanche Matthias and "Father Bill" set up the Vernon and Charlotte (and Jean) Kellogg collection of books and manuscripts at the University' Gleeson Library. This proved to be a deep and special friendship for which I shall always be grateful. We discussed many subjects besides books and "Father Bill" freely shared his insights.

Another librarian came to Monroe Street; Tyrus Harmsen of Occidental College was editor of the Robinson Jeffers Newsletter there. He published several of my short pieces. Later, the editor's job was handed over to Robert Brophy, distinguished scholar at California State University at Long Beach where he was a teacher in the English Department.

We hung the Spaniard Paco Ferro's orange and black painting of the "Sorcerer" on the living room wall. The magician had so many masks -- it seemed appropriate.

Having lived many years next to the open ocean, I have neglected to speak of the life of Monterey Bay as seen from my front windows. According to the season there are fishing fleets about. In early morning dark, mast lights from the squid boats tempt the catch lighting the waters for dories dragging their nets. More haughty visitors come on holidays anchoring for a short while so that crews might go ashore or entertain aboard.

The Navy Postgraduate School is happy to play host. On July 16, 1988, the Argentine Navy's "Libertad" came to celebrate Privateer Bouchard's capture of Monterey from the Spanish in 1820. The magnificent three masted tall ship stayed in town for a week in memory of an eleven day hegemony.

Colton Hall, Californias first Capitol building, is well preserved in the center of town. In the midst of a green and blooming park it features a jail for former desperados. There is a quiet, restful feeling about the place shadowed by giant redwood trees. The Museum of Art is close by, and the Library. Now that I walk everywhere, I see more. Including the many "homeless" who frequent the grounds and bus stops opposite the Safeway where I shop for groceries. If one listens carefully to the multi-lingual conversations on the benches one can learn a good deal about the state of the State. Spanish predominates and seems both logical and agreeable.

CHAPTER XXXI

PASSAGE

James Miller Dickie died of heart failure in the early morning hours of May 12th, 1986. When the emergency firemen and medics came to transport us to Monterey's Community Hospital in the middle of the night, one of the firemen offered me his arm with a courtly gesture not unlike that with which a Marine escort would have conducted a guest into the White House dining room for a formal dinner.

Dr. Kehl had replaced the Scottish Robertson as cardiologist in charge of Jim's case. On Jim's last night among the living, Dr. Kehl spoke to me as from Hamlet: "I think he will slip into unconsciousness before the night is out.

Born in Renfrew Scotland in 1904, Jim came to America with his widowed mother in Ellis Island days. James was eight years old. His father, a singer and shipyard worker, was one of those lost and never traced in the trenches of World War I. Elizabeth and James settled in Oakland where the mother made their living by working as a nurse for a wealthy Piedmont family who allowed the boy to stay in the home alongside their own children. It was an auspicious beginning as there were other Glasgow relatives in California.

Besides inheriting a fine voice from his lost father, James had a keen eye and loved to draw. He took to riding the ferries that crossed the bay between Oakland and San Francisco, drawing passenger types in a humorous style.

Jimmie Dickie -- as he was called then -- was still in his twenties when he was asked to create a half page of comic drawings for the Sunday edition of the Oakland Tribune.

The new feature cartoon, WHAT DOES YOUR DOG DO? was designed to illustrate the antics of children's pets -- especially dogs. Kids were asked to write letters to the paper describing unusual or funny incidents involving their dogs. Jimmie would draw the real life happenings in the form of cartoons complete with the name and address of each child who had written in. The idea caught on; thousands of children sent letters and soon several local theatres asked Jimmie to draw for children at Saturday matinees. Besides his inborn sense of humor and a draughtsman's talent, James Dickie had a dynamic personality and the gift of showmanship.

The "sense of humor" is difficult to define. Harry Leon Wilson, American comic writer, remarked that; "The sense of humor was merely the ability to see a person or a situation from two points of view simultaneously."[34] He added that it points up the incongruities between the common man's abilities and his aspirations.

The line between caricature and cartooning is a fine one. The searing caricatures of the nineteenth century French genius, Honore Daumier, retained an element of pity for humanity and a sympathy for the "loser." Since Daumier's time cartooning has developed so many facets that any brief definition is impossible. The form appears to have descended from pictorial satires published in the English magazine "Punch" between 1840 and 1850.

Since the time of John Tenniel* who worked for Punch, a "cartoon" was "any single drawing -- generally accompanied by a caption (technically a title, above the drawing) or a legend (story; below) -- which was self-contained -- that is, which transmitted its message without further explanation."[35] The first journalistic cartoons were editorial satires. These were followed by sports cartoons, and finally by the humorous cartoon from which comic strips later evolved. A comic strip is made up of a series of panels telling one story at a time and peopled by a cast of characters.

By 1896, William Randolph Hearst had made a bid for public support for his newspapers through the comics. The success of Outcault's "The Yellow Kid" in Joseph Pulitzer's New York World convinced Hearst that color comics were one of the keys to high circulation.[36] In discussing with my husband the qualities of a good cartoon, James emphasized the importance of a good drawing, one that jumps at the reader -- picture first -- without necessarily having to rely on an accompanying group of words. But he also explained that it is the combination of draughtsmanship and verbal continuity in a fine balance that distinguishes the outstanding comic strip artist. The words must reflect the humor of the drawing.

*John Tenniel is now know for his illustrations for ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

In my childhood I was not encouraged to look at the "funnies." My family considered the postures, grimaces and bizarre language of the comics a bad influence on the manners and vocabulary of a young lady. This in spite of the fact that my mother's brother, Carl Hoffman, was a newspaper publisher, and had shown a talent for cartooning while he was city editor of the old San Francisco "Call Bulletin."

It was my husband who first introduced me to the work of geniuses like Percy Crosby, creator of "Skippy," and the poet-artist George Herriman, whose fantastic triangle of animals -- Offissa Pup, Krazy Kat, and the Mouse, Ignatz -- reversed the usual relationship of these creatures: civic-minded Dog loves Kat, optimistic Kat loves frustrated Mouse who loves nobody. Although Herriman lived in New York and Hollywood, the painted settings for his symbolic animals were inspired by the scenery of Arizona's Coconino County, where he often visited. The desert's lonely stretches and highly colored monolithic rock formations appealed to the cartoonist's imagination, prompting Krazy to muse --

What mysterious surroundings!
Fifty years or fifty miles.
What's the difference?
So much country and so few drinks!
This must be Coconino County.*

*Verse appearing below a water color of Krazy Kat in the desert. Dated, August 22nd, 1930, and now in the collection of The San Francisco Cartoon Art Museum. (Bequest of James Dickie.)

I once asked James if he had ever met George Herriman. "Yes," he said, "I called on him in Hollywood in the early days when I was down there making a series of films of drawing instructions for children's matinees called KARTUNE TIPS." I knew that James had also designed the theatrical posters used to advertise these films. The large two by four foot "one sheets" had been rendered as color woodcuts -- a medium that accentuated the bold linear style and flat color characteristic of James Dickie's work.

"Tell me more about Herriman," I said. "I had called him for an appointment," my husband remembered. "When I arrived, he met me at the door and asked me to come into the room where he worked. We walked over to his desk where Herriman sat down and pulled a lightweight drawing board onto his lap. Resting the top third of the board against the forward edge of the desk he shifted his position until he had found just the right angle for drawing."

"One thing that struck me about the room," James went on, "was a chromatic display of Navajo Chief's blankets covering the walls. Other American Indian rugs hung over the banisters of a stairway leading to the second floor of the house. The meeting was brief but stimulating. He was very cordial to me." Many years later, in the central California town of San Juan Bautista, my husband and I saw a circular table that Herriman had constructed; painted and polished, a ring of Krazy Kats in vivid colors surround the center. Everything that Herriman made was truly art.

One requirement of the syndicated comic strip is that the author has always to meet a deadline -- either by assembling work in advance, or rushing to the post office at the last minute. So, after we were married, I urged James to concentrate on books (he had already published several on the subject of comic drawing.) As a free lance author, he could command his own time. Behind him lay a career that included cartooning, animation, radio, television and stage appearances. He welcomed the book idea with renewed enthusiasm.

In a recent popular book, DRAW YOUR OWN ZOO AND COLOR IT TOO, James transforms the cartoon convention of "balloon lines" that surrounded blocks of lettering within the picture area into signposts pointing out unusual facts about the animals.

A number of cartoonists have chosen the Monterey Peninsula as a good place to live and work. James Dickie's friends included Eldon Dedini (sophisticated fare for the New Yorker, Playboy and other national magazines); Gus Arriola ("Gordo"), who loves animals as much as my husband did; Frank O'Neal (inventor of "Short Ribs"); and Fred Toole who wrote the "Dennis the Menace" books for Hank Ketcham. James' best friend was not a cartoonist at all, but the dean of American illustrators. Al Parker lived in Carmel Valley with his wife, Evelyn. Al's first mother-and-daughter cover for the "Ladies' Home Journal" in 1939 made magazine history, and in 1980, the Society of Illustrators presented Parker with their Life Achievement Award. Al was quick to appreciate my husband's humor and talent for improvisation; at the same time James respected Al's sophisticated approach to

commercial art and his innovative techniques. In appearance they were quite unalike -- Al, tall, thin and distinguished -- James, short, ebullient, the smile hiding in the ruddy brown eyes.

For my husband, it was the smile that mattered. After my marriage, seriousness and the dull, literal glare of facts began to fade -- replaced by hearty laughter. I owe James Dickie an inexpressible debt for having introduced me to --

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THE WORLD.

If I have learned anything from the gift of so many years of creative living, it is that a human being is an end -- never a means -- and that, as I have been helped by others to realize my full potential, I believe the hightest end and happiness in life is to perceive another's need and help toward its fulfillment -- thus identifying one's own happiness with the accomplishments of others.

FOOTNOTES

1 (page 15) IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE by Max Vernon (pseud.) 1910, Henry Holt & Co. New York.

2 (page 17) THE LIFE OF FORMS IN ART by Henri Focillon, Presses Universitaires de France, Paris. Wittenborn, Shultz, Inc. New York, 1948.

3 (page 20) The name London is formed from two Celtic words meaning "City of Ships."

4 (page 26) HEADQUARTERS NIGHTS by Vernon Kellogg, with a preface by Theodore Roosevelt. The Atlantic Monthly Press, Inc., 1917. Page 19.

5 (page 30) By his "West," Wilson meant the Western States of America that would support him in the 1916 presidential election.

6 (page 31) The National Committee, headed by Dmowski, controlled the Polish Army in France and enjoyed the confidence of the Great Powers whose representatives were gathering in Paris to redraw the frontiers of Europe.

7 (page 53) World's Work Magazine, May 1924.

8 (page 55) "Monsieur," replied the Minister, "It is I!"

9 (page 57) Beatrix Cadwalader Jones of Bar Harbor, Maine, married Max Farrand, a member of Vernon's bachelor household at Stanford. Farrand later became Director of the Huntington Library in Pasadena, California.

10 (page 59) The two bones of the forearm, the radius and the ulna, are so jointed as to perform a spiral crossover each time the hand turns inward toward the body. One of nature's cunning inventions.

11 (page 62) From HOOVER AND HIS TIMES by Edwin Emerson.

12 (page 74) "Sur le Motif".. "On the spot", "Plein Air"

13 (page 80) Dr. William Wallace Campbell, President, National Academy of Sciences, 1931-1935.

14 (page 118) Death Scarcely Need I trouble Thee, poem by Charlotte Kellogg. The Atlantic Monthly, March 1930.

15 (page 125) Claude Monet, 1840-1926, French Impressionist.

16 (page 125) Georg Kolbe, 1877-1947 German Impressionist painter who, after meeting Rodin, turned to sculpture.

17 (page 125) Amadeo Modigliani, 1883-1920. Italian painter.

18 (page 126) Francisco Jose de Goya y Lucientes, 1746-1828 Spanish painter and graphic artist. He was a satirist and probably the greatest painter of his century.

19 (page 127) Constantin Brancusi, 1876-1957, Romanian sculptor who worked in Paris. One of the foremost modern artists, he had a radical economic style and is considered an abstractionist.

20 (page 127) "Fauvist" expressionist style characterized by distortion of form and exuberant color. From "Fauves", "Wild Beasts", a group of early twentieth century French painters.

21 (page 129) Edouard Manet, 1832-1883. French painter. Influenced the impressionist movement.

22 (page 129) Honore Daumier, 1808-1879. french caraturist, painter and sculptor.

23 (page 135) "One must always be in danger."

24 (page 136) "To my heart, bidding it have no fear" by William Butler Yeats.

25 (page 136) "I am touched by your kind thought; I deeply appreciate the stimulus of our afternoon's conversation. Goodbye, dear Madam Porter."

26 (page 143) Merle Armitage's ACCENT ON LIFE. The Iowa State University Press, 1965, page 6.

27 (page 143) Merle Armitage BIBLIOGRAPHY by Robert Marks 1956, Cole-Holmquist, printer.

28 (page 146) BRETT WESTON PHOTOGRAPHS, 1956. Published by Merle Armitage.

29 (page 154) Jiddu Krishnamurti, born in 1895 in South India.

30 (page 154) From an interview between Krishnamurti and Kevin Wallace of the San Francisco Chronicle. Ojai, July 22, 1953.

31 (page 157) Eugene Delacroix, French Romantic painter, 1798-1863

32 (page 157) Michangelo Buonarroti, Italian sculptor, painter, architect and poet. Born in Tuscany. 1475-1564.

33 (page 197) John Marin, 1870-1953. American landscape painter. Patronized by Alfred Stieglitz with whom he carried on an important correspondence.

34 (page 208) Harry Leon Wilson, a popular novelist of the 1920's, by George N. Krummer, The Press of Northwestern Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

35 (page ~~210~~ 209) COMIC ART IN AMERICA by Stephen Becker, with an introduction by Rube Goldberg (page 2) Simon and Schuster, New York, 1959.

36 (page ~~210~~ 209) The phrase "yellow journalism" originated from the competition between Pulitzer and Hearst to buy away Outcault and his "Yellow Kid."